JOHN BULL

Vol. XVI. No. 396. SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1914. ONE PENNY

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

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For meaning of this No. see page iii. of Cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

GREAT
2ND ROUND CONTEST.

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FOR

FOOTBALL FORECAST

See Page 27.

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FIRST READ THIS.
If you predict the "Home" Team will win put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

SECOND ROUND ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday Jan. 31st.

HOME.	AWAY.	DRAW.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Manchester C.	v.	Leicester or Spurs
			Livrpl. or Barnsley	v.	Gillingham
			Birmingham	v.	Huddersfield T.
			Bolton Wanderers	v.	Swindon Town
			Burnley	v.	Derby County.
			Wolves	v.	Sheffield Wed.
			Blackburn Rov.	v.	Hull City or Bury.
			Sunderland	v.	Plymouth Argyle
			West Ham U.	v.	Crystal Palace
			Exeter City	v.	Aston Villa
			Swansea Town	v.	Rangers or Bristol C.
			Millwall or Chelsea	v.	Bradford City
			Glossop	v.	Preston N.E.
			Oldham or Brighton	v.	Orient or Notts Forest
			Sheffield United	v.	Bradford
			Leeds City	v.	West Bromwich
			Pontypridd	v.	Luton Town
			Motherwell	v.	3rd Lanark
			Dumbarton	v.	Aberdeen
			Airdrieonians	v.	Greenock Morton
			Dundee	v.	Partick Thistle

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

9 Address .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut, not torn out.

READ RULES CAREFULLY.

NEW METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

To safeguard the interests of our competitors we have adopted the following new rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column; if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 23, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Cup Tie Contest, so as to reach us not later than Friday, January 30th.

3. A Pension Prize of £3 a week for life, or an alternative Cash Prize of £2,500, at the option of the winner, will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on January 31st. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose coupon shows one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the Pension Prize (or the alternative £2,500 cash) nor the £1,000 being won, we shall in any event pay the sum of £500 to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts whatever the number; and £50 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the Pension Prize (or the alternative £2,500 cash), the £1,000 or the £500, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts sent on a mauve coupon. In the event of the Pension Prize (or the alternative £2,500 cash), or the £1,000 being won, the £500 prize will, of course, not be awarded. The £50 mauve coupon prize will be paid in any event.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the Pension Prize (or the alternative £2,500 cash), the £1,000, or the contingent prize of £500, as well as the special £50 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. No coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

THE CLOSING DATE IS FRIDAY, JANUARY 30th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of competitors desirous of keeping a record of their efforts. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

HAD	TEAMS	HAD	TEAMS
	Man'ster C. v. L'ster or Spurs		Millwall or Chelsea v. Bradford City
	L'pool or Barnsley v. Gill'ham		Glossop v. Preston N.E.
	Birm'ham v. Huddersfield T.		Old'm or Bton v. Orient or N.F
	Bolton W. v. Swindon T.		Sheffield U. v. Bradford
	Burnley v. Derby County		Leeds C. v. W. Bromwich
	Wolves v. Sheffield W.		Pontypridd v. Luton T.
	Blackburn v. Hull C. or Bury		Motherwell v. 3rd Lanark
	Sunderland v. Plymouth A.		Dumbarton v. Aberdeen
	West Ham v. Crystal P.		Airdrieonians v. Greenock M
	Exeter City v. Aston Villa		Dundee v. Partick Thistle
	Swansea v. Rangers or Bristol		

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVI. No. 398. Week ending Saturday, January 17th, 1914. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. All **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE** *and* **SPORTING** *inquiries should be addressed to the* **CITY OFFICES, 52, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.** *All other communications should be addressed to* **93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

All remittances, applications for advertising space, subscriptions, orders, etc., should be addressed to Odhams Limited, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for JAN. 10th, 1914. bearing on its Cover the Number **138,473.**

Apply **THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"**
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The £10 reward offered for the copy of JOHN BULL, dated January 3rd, and bearing the number 573,642, has been paid to Mr. Walter Bouttell, 52a, Abbotsford Avenue, West Green, who has duly forwarded the required issue.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Mr. Chamberlain's Farewell.

As the only British journal which told the public the truth about Mr. Chamberlain's health, at the time of its breakdown—being roundly abused as "sensation-mongers" for our pains!—we have been expecting, for a long time past, the announcement now made of the right hon. gentleman's formal retirement from public life. Whilst fully conscious of the poetry of the sentiment which prompted a great constituency to disfranchise itself for the glory of retaining its association with a great man, it was obvious that the unreality of such a condition of affairs could not be permitted indefinitely to continue; and we congratulate Mr. Chamberlain and his family upon the step they have taken. Elsewhere we address a few words of regretful farewell to one of the few MEN of the old brigade—God bless him!

The Business Government League.

Matters are proceeding apace. We shall soon be ready.

Did You Notice It?

Last week, when commenting upon Mr. Churchill's coming split with his Party on the subject of Naval defence, we concluded with the words—"Now watch 'F. E.'" You remember what we have all along told you—that these two bosom friends would ultimately join forces in an Imperial-Democratic alliance—which will fill up the interval between the breakdown of the present Party system and the establishment of a Business Government. Well, you had not long to wait. In both his references to the Navy crisis—and there *is* a Navy crisis—and to the retirement of Mr. Chamberlain, "F. E." was always pouring flattery and compliments upon Winston, whose Naval policy was applauded as "only a little less adequate than that of a Unionist First Lord." You see, even now there must be some imaginary line of distinction drawn! *What* a game it is!

That Wonderful Book!

We recently quoted Paul's advice to the Bishops to take a wife each and let her do the entertaining. Now we are referred, by a Biblical pundit, to I. Corinthians, ch. VII., v. 8, 32, 33; and there, sure enough, those who are "unmarried and widows" are told to remain so, and are told that "he that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord," etc., whilst the benedict "careth for the things which are of the world," and, above all, "how he may please his wife." Well, we must leave it there. As we said before, it *is* "a wonderful old book."

Strange!

Whilst on the subject of Bibliology, we note that when Mr. Lloyd George, in a recent speech to a Welsh audience, misquoted Scripture, and gave a lady a man's name, not one of the several parsons present spotted the mistake, and that it was left to the pious pressmen to point it out. Almost as bad as some of our Judges, when Acts of Parliament are quoted!

These Phantom Ships!

What did we tell you? The Bill for the addition of three *Dreadnoughts* to the British Navy "is not to be re-introduced at present." And Mr. Churchill, in an official statement, declared that these ships were vital to the safety of the Empire! And Mr. Bonar Law actually asked for a date to vote an Address of thanks to the Dominion for its gift! And do you notice the essentially English name of the leader of the opposition to the Bill—*Laurier?* Talk about Canada as a great British Colony! "Steward!"

The JOHN BULL Almanac.

Would you like one? Then send a penny stamp to our publishers, and mark your envelope "Almanac."

New Football Skill Contest. £5 a Week for Life or £2,500 Cash. See page 27.

None Too Soon.

Many people will learn with surprise that our fixed coast defences, now to be transferred to the management of the Admiralty, have hitherto been under War Office control. It is, indeed, remarkable that a division of responsibility so widely at variance with the canons of modern defensive strategy should till now have been permitted. It is stated that many of the military officers attached to the defences would be hard put to it to distinguish aright between English and foreign craft, while in the case of submarines or aeroplanes their helplessness would be even more complete. In these circumstances, it cannot be said that the authorities have acted precipitately or without good reason. The necessity for the complete unification of defensive forces is surely patent to the meanest intelligence—which is probably why it has taken so long to impress the pundits of Whitehall. Why is it that Ministers seem never to be able to get out of their own light?

A Sound Move.

The War Office has made a substantial beginning in the matter of improved pay and prospects for officers of the Regular Army. The new scheme of remuneration is by no means extravagant in its scope, but it represents a distinct advance upon the miserable stipends hitherto prevailing in many branches of the service. The extra cash will be peculiarly welcome to officers of Indian and Colonial regiments, who, despite their important and responsible duties, are far worse paid than the non-military servants of the Crown with whom they are brought into constant association. For the rest, we are especially glad to note that exceptional provision is to be made for "rankers" who may in future attain the dignity of commissions. We congratulate Colonel Seely upon his workmanlike handling of a difficult problem. What a difference it makes when a Minister knows his job!

A Dread Danger.

The time has clearly come for the utter prohibition of the use of naked lights in coal pits. The victims of a fatal explosion at the Great Western Colliery, Pontypridd, were shown to have worked with exposed flames for upwards of two hours prior to the deadly shock, and it would appear that this perilous practice was condoned by the colliery management. To argue that the seam upon which the men were engaged had long been immune from gas detracts little from the seriousness of the situation. Better a hundred superfluous precautions than a single needless death. And who shall say that the enforced use of safety lamps is not imperatively demanded when every pit is a reservoir of confined gas and no man can predict the moment or manner of its release?

The Kilkenny Cats.

In Mexico the fortunes of war appear to have turned in favour of the rebels, or "Constitutionalists," as they prefer to be called. General Huerta, once virtual master of the situation, has suffered a series of severe reverses, and it is in the last degree unlikely that he can now recover the authority which, a few months since, afforded the sole promise of orderly reconstruction. The desperate fighting of the last few weeks must sooner or later be followed by a truce of exhaustion, when the question of intervention will again be thrust to the fore. Meanwhile, the inertia of the United States in a matter where British interests are so intimately concerned affords an interesting commentary upon the alleged "solidarity" of the English-speaking race, and if continued may seriously strain the relations between the two nations.

What We Owe.

What a wonderful instrument is "credit" in the leverage of social burdens! Between them, our municipal authorities are responsible for a total "indebtedness" of no less than £413,000,000—Education, Highway Maintenance, Poor Relief, Police administration and Drainage schemes absorbing their respective quota of loan expenditure. Place by the side of this a national debt of over £700,000,000, and figure out the interest upon the whole. Then remember that we are raising nearly £200,000,000 per annum from revenue without borrowing at all, and you will begin to understand what the economists mean when they warn us that the near future may witness "a serious dearth of capital for productive enterprise"—to which might well be added, "and for warlike emergency as well." The sanest argument for "retrenchment," where it is practicable, is in danger of being overlooked. It is that a strong reserve of capital is the most vital of the sinews of modern war. But when we begin to lighten the load, we will start—not with the Fleet—but with the things we can spare.

The Echo of a Tragedy.

Reporting upon the causes of the fatal train disaster at Waterloo Junction in October last, Major Pringle advances several suggestions for the future avoidance of similar tragedies. Due weight is given to the testimony of signalmen who declare that the conditions of work in busy boxes render proper vigilance well-nigh impossible. The Inspector suggests that an attempt should be made to infuse a measure of variety into the work of the men by their occasional transfer to fresh boxes. To the average mind, the proposal savours rather too much of a "busman's holiday." Better pay and shorter hours of labour are essential if signalmen are to maintain that degree of efficiency which public safety demands. For the rest, the Inspector's recommendations are of a technical nature, and would doubtless receive prompt attention from a Business Board.

Latest from Newmarket.

"I noticed the other day," said the bye-election victor of Newmarket to his constituents, "that a certain party of Liberal members had set off on a voyage round the world, and it occurred to me that the Government are so fond of taking compulsory measures they might have sent the whole boiling lot. I think at the present time the country could very well manage with a committee of business men." Not a doubt of it. We really *are* getting on.

A Poet Corroborates.

Having the views aforesaid, the Conservative member for Newmarket ought to be interested in the letter of a poet who is kind enough to send us "a verse on something he has composed." "I am working in an iron foundry," says he, with touching candour, "and have not much education to speak of, but if you care to put in a couple of verses every week I can fit you up. . . . Anything patriotic suits my style." With this preliminary our friend proceeds as follows:—

"JOHN BULL it is a journal of highest degree. It's
read by young and old and rich and poor we all agree,
It is noted for its boldness in showing up tricky folks,
Assists the poor and needy and makes some funny jokes.
The politics of Party it is very averse. And thinks
our present Government couldn't be worse, Let your
gallant band of readers with all hearts proclaim,
Their praises of JOHN BULL and may it long remain."

We thank the poet; but we have already too much to answer for to wish to go down to posterity in meteorological annals as a rhyme frost.

Enormous Increase. Nearly 2,000 EXTRA "Bullets" CASH Prizes this week and every week. P. 32

"Handy Man in Japan."

In reference to the extraordinary charges of drunkenness against British naval officers stationed at Nagasaki, made by a JOHN BULL correspondent, a "Flag Officer" writes to tell us there is another side to the question, as indeed we suspected there was, though we confess we are not very much impressed by the side. Coming to bed-rock, "Flag Officer" states that "Anyone who knows Japan will tell you that young naval officers of all nations are led into drunken ways by the civilians themselves, owing to the iniquitous chit system which prevails and the misapplied generosity displayed at the Club bars. The comparison drawn between the British and German officer is absurd. The most drunken naval officer I knew in the East was a German." It does not strike us as much of a defence that British naval officers allow themselves to be treated into drunkenness at the Nagasaki Club, but such as it is we present it, if only because it is offered by such high authority. In due course, no doubt, we shall hear from the Nagasaki Club and some of the officers who go there. Meanwhile, we are much obliged to "Flag Officer" for his statement.

Delayed Deserts.

Mr. Atherley-Jones, K.C., who has at length succeeded Judge Lumley Smith at the City of London Court, was a robust Radical of the old school, with no trace of mawkish puritanism in his composition. How much he has lost in the way of delayed preferment by his steadfast adherence to principle rather than Party will perhaps never be known. His own words, in a farewell message to his Durham constituents, evince a sane balancing of gain and loss. "The penalty has been trivial," he says, "but rich has been the reward—in that, for nearly 30 years, I have enjoyed the confidence and affection of my constituents." Here is another eloquent phrase: "A member of Parliament should not be a satellite of Party, but a servant of the State." Not a bad maxim, that. We sat near Atherley in the House for several years—and had many a chat with him on this point. He is a good fellow—and good luck to him.

Still They Come.

Verily are the prophets and seers rising up about us. "Vanoc," of the *Referee*, says that "to discard the Duke of Bedford and his like because tradition is hateful to new men who trick Demos to win votes will seem to a future generation simply stupid. Then a Business Government system will be established and will stay"; and we shall have a monument more lasting than brass. Our own view is that the advent of a Business Government won't depend on the presence or absence of "the Duke of Bedford or his like" in our social or political system. A people get the Government they deserve, and as soon as ever the British people deserve a Business Government they will get it.

A Hint to the Publican.

The plea of certain hotel proprietors in theatreland, who complain that the 12.30 closing rule unduly hampers their business, has once more turned public attention to London's "night clubs," where "members and friends" may enjoy a "wee deoch and doris" at any witching hour from dusk to dawn. It is high time that a distinction was drawn between clubs proper and the "registered" Shrines of Bacchus. Meanwhile, we give this hint to our Licensed Victualler friends—provided they serve no drink after 12.30 a.m., they may keep open as long as they like. It would not be quite safe to serve each customer with a magnum at 12.29—but a wink's as good as a nod.

Bobby in the Cart.

In a recent betting prosecution at the Thames Police Court, two police officers related stirring experiences. Suspecting Daniel Barry of laying the odds in a public street, the gallant constables had secreted themselves one in a baker's barrow and the other in a packing-case, which was completely nailed up. Thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined," they kept the accused under close observation, and the man in the baker's hand-cart, though completely doubled up, actually posted up his notebook before leaving his coign of vantage. Having completed their work of espionage, the officers duly reported Barry, who was subsequently convicted and fined, although a man who was declared to have been associated with him in the nefarious pursuit of fortune was acquitted on an *alibi*. Seeing that it takes two to make a bet, such discrimination is a little difficult to appreciate. In any case, we should not be disposed to attach much value to the evidence of a policeman who had squinted at a man through a crack in a box, and who, in at least one instance, had made a palpable blunder.

"A Dark Horse."

With reference to the paragraph which appeared under this heading in our issue of January 3rd, and in which we dealt with a proposal made to one of your readers by Messrs. McColl & Rogers, a Glasgow firm of merchants, regarding a situation abroad, we are informed by the solicitors for that firm that their clients were merely acting as agents for a correspondent in Chile, having no other interest in the matter. They also inform us that the intending applicants were given the fullest details as to the nature of the situation in question, and that no applicant was or would have been asked to put his name to any agreement until he had been furnished with the name of the actual employer. We readily give this explanation in fairness to Messrs. McColl & Rogers, who are a firm of high repute in Glasgow, and we are satisfied that the phrases "Emigration dodge" and "clean daylight never yet hurt a square deal," were inapplicable.

N.B.

This from a report of a Shoreditch inquest. "The jury, after hearing the evidence, found that death was due to pneumonia and destitution. She sent to the parish authorities, but when the Relieving Officer arrived he found her lying dead upon some rags in the corner of the room. The only furniture consisted of two chairs. The body was very much emaciated. There was lung disease which had caused death, following starvation, neglect and exposure." Thus may a woman die in "Christian" England in this year of grace, while men prate of brotherhood and mock high Heaven with hollow prayers. Has it ever occurred to our "statesmen" that they have no right to promise "ninepence for fourpence" to people with votes till they have done elemental justice to the battered waifs of the social surge?

"Them's Our Sentiments."

In its issue of January 1st, the *Evening News* publishes a number of letters from more or less well-known persons, expressing the opinion of the writers regarding the reforms most urgently needed in the New Year. The following is from Mr. William Le Queux:—

> For the welfare of our country during the coming year I would wish less party spirit, less emigration, more loyalty to the sovereign, and more confidence in John Bull.

We do not often row in the same galley as the favourite of the Near-Eastern monarchs, but upon this occasion we heartily say "Hear, hear!"

A Life Pension Prize or £5 a Week for Life for Football Skill. See page 27.

Per Special Express.

In August, 1912, an old soldier applied to the Chief Inspector of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich for employment. On the 31st December last—sixteen months after—he received an answer stating that if he would attend the Chief Inspector's office at 10 a.m. on January 1st, 1914, he could be taken on as a temporary labourer until March 31st, 1914, provided he passed the Medical Officer and got washed before presenting himself to that official. There seems to be an idea in the office of the Chief Inspector that the man has probably not had a bath since he first applied for a job, and they are apparently taking no risks. If, however, he has been out of work all this time, it is not an unreasonable supposition, even for a Government concern, that he may not be able to afford the soap, and the least the Chief Inspector could have done in the circumstances was to send him a lump, with compliments trusting that he wouldn't use it all at once and would distribute the remains carefully among his rejoicing wife and children. At the same time, he might also have sent some sandpaper, a yard brush, and a suitable quantity of disinfectant. These Government officials seldom do things thoroughly.

Are We Sure?

The deliberations of a coroner's jury at Shipley, Yorks., were disturbed by the suggestion from the Coroner that the subject of the inquest was perhaps not dead after all. Colour was lent to this gruesome hypothesis by the fact that the man's body, which had been rescued from a canal, had retained its warmth for some hours after it was deposited in the mortuary. A juror who claimed to have had "a lot of experience in such matters" was at a loss to dispose of the disquieting possibility that "other people he thought dead might possibly have been alive after all." The Shipley Coroner is evidently a believer in the possibility of tragic error in the diagnosis of death. The notion of a live man being put to die in a mortuary is by no means a pleasant one, and what of the thousand and one cases in which death is certified and burial authorised on no better evidence than the *ipse dixit* of a sick man's lay attendants?

A Dire Dilemma.

The inhabitants of South Weald, a village near Brentwood, are in a singular dilemma. Owing to the filling up of the parish churchyard, and to difficulties attendant upon the purchase of a new site, they have no place to bury their dead, and mourners are compelled, upon sad occasion, to journey four miles to the parish of Bentley, the inhabitants of which are likely, it is said, to find themselves before long in a similar quandary. The intervention of the Local Government Board appears hitherto to have been confined to the issuing of formal Closing Orders in respect of graveyards which are full. Have they no power to initiate—and, if need be, to compel—the purchase of suitable local sites?

A Bigot's Burials.

The hardened formalist who is Vicar of Mellor, in Lancashire, tells his parishioners that the Burial Office is for Christian people only; not for the unbaptised, the excommunicate, suicides, enemies of the Church, drunkards, gamblers, or people living in sin; and "the clergy are greatly relieved in conscience when such persons are buried with other rites by men who have no scruples and are glad to officiate over any kind of sinner." Certainly if we were of the Cloth we would rather officiate over any kind of sinner than over some kinds of saints, and the Vicar of Mellor is one of the kinds. This brand of Christian and this brand of Christianity always gives us a cross-Channel feeling.

Kiss-Stealing Penalty at Atherstone.

There is a man employed by a Bentley farmer who now knows that he that steals wot isn't 'is'n, when he's copped 'll go to prison. While his master was absent he went into the kitchen and against her will and wish kissed a servant girl not once only, but even twice. For this offence he was subsequently charged before the Atherstone Magistrates who sentenced him to two months' hard labour. We know, of course, that kissing, like Government jobs, goes by favour; all the same, a bench of magistrates who give a man two months' hard for stealing two kisses must be suffering from religious mania or softening of the brain. Only one other man as far as we know, has ever received more condign punishment for a similar offence; and he was fined by the magistrate, horsewhipped by the girl's brother, and harried into brain fever by his wife, while the clergyman alluded to the affair in a sermon, the local editor wrote a column leading article on the matter, the caterpillars chewed up the malefactor's wheat crop, and a surgeon cut out his vermiform appendix.

A Fund that Failed.

The public have not taken kindly to the Duke of Westminster's scheme for the "professionalising" of British representation at the Olympic Games, which are due to take place in Berlin in 1916. Of the £100,000 originally demanded, only £11,000 has so far been raised, and it is unlikely that the scheme will now be carried into fruition. We can pretend to no great regret at the collapse of a project so alien to the best traditions of British sport, and we by no means infer therefrom, any more than from recent events in another sphere, that British athleticism is *in extremis*. We have never been accustomed to "wet nurse" our athletes; that way decadence lies. As far as the Games are concerned, we have confidence that, given fair conditions, Great Britain will not lack worthy representation.

Skins, not "Sausages."

With reference to our recent "Open Letter" to Councillor Jarvis, of Brighton, and which was based upon a newspaper report to the effect that at a recent meeting of the Guardians he had opposed a proposal to regale the workhouse inmates with sausages, we are informed by the worthy Councillor that such report was not quite correct—the fact being that the sausage meat itself is made at the workhouse, and that his opposition was confined to the purchase of "30 lbs. of sausage skins," his view being that the "sausages should be served in pats, without the skins, and that the £3 or £4 cost of skins would be better expended in tobacco, nuts, and oranges" In these circumstances, we are sorry that his amendment was not carried. He is evidently a Guardian of the right type.

Short and Sweet.

"Hogmanay" marriages, for which Caledonia is famous, have this year attained record numbers. For the benefit of the uninitiated who may contemplate a short and inexpensive cut to hymeneal bliss, we may say that three weeks' continuous residence north of the Tweed is the sole preliminary formality with which the parties are required to comply, after which their union will, as a matter of course, be sanctioned by the Sheriff and ratified by the Registrar, and thus acquire legal force. Though viewed with some disfavour by the "unco guid," such marriages are, we believe, almost uniformly satisfactory, and contribute but sparsely to the records of divorce. Matrimony, after all, is very much what you like to make it, priests and parsons notwithstanding.

Don't Forget the Pen Coupon. See page iii of cover.

Cardiff Lawyer and Clerk.

Apropos of a recent letter of Mr. David, a Cardiff solicitor, repudiating in our columns the suggestion that he discharged a clerk, Bindon, from his employ on the ground that the man's brother had been arrested and charged with murder, Mr. David stated that "the *Cardiff Western Mail* and *Evening Express* prepared and published Bindon's letter simply for their own glorification and to vilify me." "This is not true," retort our contemporaries with not unnatural heat. "Mr. Bindon's letter was not prompted by any member of our staff, nor was it seen in this office until it was brought by Mr. Bindon himself. We will not without protest allow Mr. David to make the disgraceful statement that Mr. Bindon's letter was concocted in this office." It is regrettable that this solicitor, who took such pains to convince us of his veracity, should be so unfortunate in his explanations.

"This is to Give Notice."

The Secretary of a public Company sends us a printed circular which he received from one of the Company's customers a little while before Christmas. "Dear Sir," it said, "The delightful Xmas Season is once more coming round. It is nice to think of the pleasant relationship which has existed between us for so many years. Permit me to convey to you my heartiest greetings. Should you think of sending me a present this year, may I ask that you be good enough not to send me wines or spirits, cigars or cigarettes, as we are all teetotalers here, but poultry, etc., etc., or even a ton of coals would not be refused." We have reasons for believing that the directors immediately sent him half-a-pound of tea and a Christmas almanac.

No Admission on Business.

Isn't it playing the game a bit low down to prosecute a publican because a newslad enters his bar to collect his week's account for newspapers? In such circumstances, Mr. Gill, the Tower Bridge Magistrate, not only fined the licensee of the Railway Tavern in the Blackfriars Road 20s. and costs, but the lad's employer, a newsagent, as well. That it is a technical breach of the Children Act we do not deny, but it is a pity the policeman on the beat cannot find something better to employ his time and talents than paltry infractions of this kind. We suppose that if there were a fight in the vicinity he would be either asleep, or far, far away.

Getting On!

The Hampstead Parliament, which has now had an unbroken existence of over 21 years—and of which, if we remember rightly, Sir Rufus Isaacs was for some time a member—is re-opening on January 14th with a discussion on a motion reading, "That in the opinion of this House the Party system, as at present exemplified in this country, dissipates national energy, is contrary to the best public interest, and ought to be seriously modified." "Seriously modified" is a saving phrase and stops far short of the necessity of the case; but we are getting on.

Query for Husbands.

It is not in our heart to refuse the request of a Gunnersbury working-man's wife, who asks us to "make a stir" on this important national question—"Why should a man keep money that is wanted for the home, spending it on tobacco and beer while the mother is not able to buy the little one even a halfpenny worth of sweets or a ride for herself on the tram-top?" Frankly, we don't know why he does, but if he does he ought to be severely reprimanded. As the lady rightly adds, "It is cruel, it is wicked, to give the women so much worry." We shall make more stir than this if we hear of such things happening again.

A Mischievous Precedent.

The Shoreditch Coroner recently adopted a somewhat startling expedient. A man vexed by financial misfortune had committed suicide, in circumstances pointing to considerable deliberation, and the jury were in some doubt as to the wisdom of coupling with their verdict the conventional rider of "temporary insanity." Discerning their difficulty, the Coroner obligingly offered to ascertain the wishes of the dead man's widow. This good woman having expressed a desire to have her departed husband branded as a lunatic as well as a suicide, the perplexed jury were directed accordingly, and lost no time in effectuating her wishes. Yet, surely a suicide's state of mind at the moment of self-destruction is a vital question of fact for the unaided decision of the Coroner's jury. To attach the stigma of insanity to a family upon no more solid ground than the whim of a distracted widow strikes us as a mischievous and impolitic proceeding.

"The Limit, Limited."

We are asked to make two explanations apropos of our recent paragraph under this heading. First, of all things in the world, Mr. Francis Meynell, the Unionist Candidate for Burton-on-Trent, wishes it to be known that *he* is not the gentleman of that name who is concerned in the ownership and management of the Socialist *Daily Herald*. And, secondly, we are requested to state that the other Mr. Francis Meynell, who *is* so concerned, has no connection with the Catholic Publishing Company, the owners of the *Catholic Times*. All of which we have pleasure in making known.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

"NU" SPELLING—AND THE OLD.

I sympathise with those who try
Our slipshod speech to simplify,
Yet English terms, writ by the book,
Are much more simple than they look.
Take "All correct," and let us say
How nice it is when spelled "O.K."

Consider next the lady who
Sits down to write a "billet doux."
Four pages, written in a trice,
Are filled with words diffuse but nice,
Then all her meaning she'll express
In six words labelled as "P.S."

Turn next to commerce—you will find
In symbols you may write your mind;
When putting figures down in sets
The man who how to spell forgets
May indicate, plain as can be,
Just what he means with "£ s. d."

All is so easy, it is strange
Reformers should desire to change;
Take "nota bene," and you see
How smart and helpful is "N.B."
While borrowed money, overdue,
Is quite concise as "I.O.U."

THE WEEK'S "BISCUIT."

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. Below we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For stating that: "Nothing in Mr. Chamberlain's public life so well became him *as his leaving it*,"

THE GLOBE

Takes the Biscuit.

Our Football Competition Dept. is now under the control of "McW.," the well-known Football writer.

WINSTON OR DAVID?

PREACHER OR POLITICIAN?—WILL THE FIRST LORD DO HIS DUTY?

The Chancellor's *réveillé* has burst upon the quietude of the Parliamentary recess, and roused the slumbering cohorts of Party to troubled and hysterical activity. His opponents have responded to the challenge in right hearty fashion, and the air is already thick with the clash of desperate conflict. The Continental press appears to be taking us far more seriously than we have yet learned to take ourselves. The oracle of Criccieth has been excitedly canvassed from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from Stockholm to Madrid.

THE CAUSE OF THE RUMPUS.

And all because Mr. Lloyd George, in Christmassy mood, forgot, in a careless moment, that he is supposed to be a statesman, and sent a message of Peace and Goodwill, through the *Daily Chronicle*, to the public. Being away on a holiday, and not having been in the House of Commons atmosphere for some months, he forgot the realities of the world. He forgot that Germany with dogged persistence is pursuing the course of naval expansion prescribed for her by law, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, and contemptuously spurning all suggestion of compromise. He forgot that other Powers are expanding their naval and military establishments to the full limit of their financial resources. And he had not noticed that recent months have witnessed a widespread slump in pacific ideals. He was out of touch with the political market. And so he prattled of peace with Germany. And, of course, the Little Navy men—of the National Suicide School—waxed exceedingly glad. "Here," said they, "is a Daniel—or, at any rate, a David—come to judgment. Now we *can* worry the Prime Minister. We will get up a 'Naval retrenchment campaign,' and what we save on ships we can spend on Bibles and ginger beer." And therefore an anæmic group of M.P.s (amongst whom we observe, with indignation, the present member for South Hackney) set to work to harass Mr. Churchill at a moment when, Heaven knows, he requires peace; for he is confronted with the biggest proposition, as the Yankees would say, which ever fell to the lot of a statesman. It is no exaggeration to say that at this moment our Imperial destinies are in his hands. He is on his trial—and a very few months will determine his place in history. He knows that the Tories will never have him back. In the vernacular of Party, he has "ratted," and as the late Sir Charles Dilke once observed, "You may rat, but you cannot re-rat." And he knows that the bulk of his own Party is against him; they do not like war—it is so barbarous, so cruel, so wicked; wherefore let Germany, if it be God's will, come and take us, and Heaven bless our happy homes! Thus, he must choose between two courses—one involving the betrayal of the nation; the other, the possible wreck of his own career. We say "possible wreck," because, as our readers know, there is one alternative—coalition with the best elements of both parties, till the Business Government comes. But the prospect is too remote to attract any professional politician actuated by motives of self-aggrandisement; and Mr. Churchill must face the situation—Duty to his King and country, even at the risk of personal political suicide. Will he fail us?

DAVID, THE PREACHER.

Will he be deterred from his path by the picturesque figure of the Chancellor? Let us consider, for a moment, the psychology of this man. There he is in the full glare of the limelight. It does not dazzle him now as it did when first he stepped on to the stage of fame. He has grown to like it, and—for he is intensely human—to need it. He is in private life a real good, charming fellow, despite his irritating public airs of superior virtue. He is much happier promising ninepence for fourpence than he would be in scheming to give fourpence for ninepence. And he is honest according to his lights. He almost believes in his own perorations. All his legislative geese are swans, and he is as much lost in admiration of their graceful promise as the most fervent of his disciples. We have never found it in our heart to be harsh with him, even though he represents a school of political thought which is as the poles removed from our own. We declined to soil our fingers with Marconi mud, and acquitted him of the faintest taint of corruption or even of conscious impropriety. A plaster saint he certainly is not; neither do we believe him to be possessed of a double dose of original sin. Where, then, shall we "place" him, thereby to gauge the significance of his public utterances and to measure what for want of a better term may be called his political "momentum"? A heaven-inspired statesman he certainly is not. He possesses neither the moral stature of a Gladstone nor the superb mentality of a Beaconsfield. Among living politicians he is easily outclassed. Balfour is his superior in debate, Asquith in leadership, Churchill in administration. What, then, is the secret of his success, for success of a kind he has undoubtedly achieved to a marked degree. We fancy we can discern it. It lies not in political sagacity, or in administrative skill, but rather in the possession of an art which has perhaps swayed the masses of men more than any other human agency. David Lloyd George is a great *preacher*. He never tires of preaching. His ninepence for fourpence campaign was a holy war against poverty, disease and death. His land reforming energies will be spent in a sacred crusade. His notorious Budget was a divinely appointed "spoiling of the Egyptians." Even at Limehouse he was scourging the Pharisees. In season and out of season he is preaching, preaching, preaching. It is nonsense to question his sincerity or to impugn his motives. As well ascribe complexity of purpose to a volcano in active eruption.

WINSTON, THE WORKER.

A word must be said of Churchill. He is working the machine of war, while the Chancellor is propagating the gospel of peace. The division of labour is eminently appropriate. Both men are supremely fitted for their respective tasks. One thing is absolutely certain—there will be no wild-cat project of disarmament while Winston presides at the Admiralty. He has plainly intimated his intention of maintaining the unassailable naval superiority of Britain over any possible European combination, and the spirit of the nation will compel him to redeem his pledge to the last submarine. Secure in this reflection, we are content to allow the Chancellor to empty the vials of his wrath upon the wickedness of war, and to make broad his philacteries in the market-place. He is on the side of the angels, and we can afford to listen or not as we please, so long as our super-*Dreadnoughts* ride unchallenged upon the world's wide seas. Should he desist from the rôle of preacher and strive to adapt the machinery of State to his idyllic purposes the time will have come for emphatic and effective protest. But we shall wait in vain for any such manifestation. With all his faults, the Chancellor is no fool. Let him preach—while others mount the guns.

A PEST IN NEW PANTS.

MATRIMONY-MONGER'S MANY ALIASES.

The king of fee-snatching matrimony sharks whom, during the last two years, we have "moved on" from Ladbrook, Feltham, Bedfont, and Hounslow, is once more on the job. Amongst the names he has passed under are Clement Stanley, Clement Stanley Gordon, Maud Davis, and Alice Leach. He is now known as "C. Armstrong," trading in Westbourne Grove as "Armstrongs, Business Transfer Agents and Trade Valuers." His *modus operandi* is, however, unchanged. First a big bait is thrown out in the provincial press. Here is "Armstrong's" latest, from a Northampton paper:—

> MATRIMONY.—Daughter of late Boot Manufacturer, aged 27, substantial income, has a DESIRE to make a Business Gentleman's acquaintance. Must be Protestant and of good character.—Only principals themselves write full particulars, Box 361, ——— ———

A reply to the advertisement brought a curious letter relating to the alleged transfer of an important business (a matter in regard to which his correspondent was quite uninterested), but which may have been intended to impress the prospective fee payer with Armstrong's standing. Enclosed, however, were a couple of documents which did have some bearing upon the subject. The first reads as follows:—

> It will, I am sure, interest you to know, Sir, that the class of ladies who I treat with do not come by advertisements as some foolish men think. Some men have tried it for themselves—I have advised them to advertise—and they found in each case that the only class of ladies that replied was those who wanted a man to keep them in comfort—they are domestics—some old Housekeepers—in fact all followed some employment and were practically sick of it and wanted someone to give them what they could not earn for themselves. Kindly excuse my remarks. But in Final—I only treat with one class. Poor women I am unable to suit I am sorry to say—men never apply to us for them. I should be willing to suit them Gratis.
>
> My terms of business are:—£1 1s. before any introductions—which is till suited, and £2 2s. when suited. But such terms only apply to ladies whose incomes do not exceed £300.
>
> I shall not keep this lady in abeyance after Two Days. Photos I leave the parties themselves to arrange. Considering my preliminary fee is small—which is till suited—it does not pay me to waste my time on that detail. Please state place you would be prepared to meet if you come to a decision.

The second gives a detailed account of the lady's "points":—

> The lady's age is 27, height 5 ft. 7 inches. Her build is that of a well-made woman. She has a dark complexion and blue eyes—certain nice looking. Well educated, musical, but fully domesticated. Likes country and congenial people. Her religion is that of a Protestant; she is a Wesleyan but often attends the Church. The lady has no parents alive; she has a sister married in Vancouver to a Fruit Farmer. My Client's income is between £250 and £280 per annum, mostly from property left to her—some by her Aunt, the bulk by her Mother. She is seriously desirous to settle down with a man of a refined mind. Not a rich man—that is not her ambition. Her idea is to marry a respectable business man who is of a homely disposition. She is fond of gardening, and Cycling, but only in the country; she would not cycle in the Towns owing to the increased danger by motors. She is fond of Music and is a good pianist and can sing. Would financially help a real deserving man—in a safe concern. The lady is in London, not for good, but for Christmas shopping. As the matter stands she is prepared to have an introduction to you.

The uninitiated will naturally wonder that this game of the matrimonial agent is not played out. Far, however, from such being the case, these sharks are making a fatter living than ever. Of course, it is all bunkum to suppose that women with money advertise for husbands, while Stanley's reference to "poor women I am unable to suit" is indeed the epitome of frankness. As a test, we are quite prepared to pay Stanley ten times his fee if he will produce the "well-made" widow.

As we go to press, evidence reaches us that Stanley has adopted yet another name—"Archibald Johnson," under which he is operating from Holland Road, Kensington. He has, too, started in quite a new line of business—professing to be able to cure cancer.

THE FUNERAL OF A PRIEST.

AN INCIDENT AT A CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH.

The interior of a City Church, the aged Rector of which has passed away; a funeral service is about to be conducted prior to the removal of the remains to their final resting place. Like most City Churches, the Sunday congregation is always sparse, indeed, very sparse; but to-day the centre of the Church is roped round and the whole of the nave is like unto the reserved stalls of a theatre. The side aisles, effectively screened by the pillars that carry the clerestory, are placed at the convenience of the common people, who will serve a useful purpose, for they will all help to produce what the newspapers will be able to report as a crowded congregation of mourners!

A rumour has been afloat that the service is to be of a somewhat ornate character, and is to be graced by the presence of the Bishop of the Diocese, who will add lustre to the proceedings; but, alas! the Right Reverend Father is not found to be present and the service proceeds with a small sprinkling of lesser clergy.

The coffin rests on a catafalque in the chancel, surrounded by the floral tributes of many friends. Lighted tapers burn brightly on the Altar. The service proceeds mostly in Gregorian music and in due course is brought to an end. The boys and men of the choir, preceded by a Processional Cross and followed by the clergy, form a procession to the west end of the Church, where they divide and form into two lines, between which the coffin passes. Immediately after, the boys and men turn in reverse order and proceed to pass up the nave of the Church. The end of the procession consists of two exalted Servants of the Lord vested in cassock, surplice, stole and University hood; but just at the moment they are about to form into line, a poorly clad little child, a little girl, forgetful of the awful dignity of these priestly gentlemen, in her sweet innocence attempts to pass between them. A priest in front quickly observes this most improper conduct, and with a scowl roughly pushes the child aside with his priestly hand—and one of the onlookers standing by softly remarks, "And *Jesus* called a little child unto Him."

DOES THE COAT MAKE THE (RAILWAY) MAN?

STRICT DEFINITION OF "A RAILWAY UNIFORMED OFFICIAL SERVANT."

A very nice point has been raised by the *Christian Herald* regarding the definition of "uniform." The periodical in question offers every week what it calls an "Insurance for Railwaymen." Here is a quotation from the coupon:—

> The *Christian Herald* Company, Ltd., will pay to any railway uniformed official workman or servant who meets with an accident in the discharge of his duties whilst working on the line of his railway causing total disablement for at least 14 days the sum of £2.

On December 1st, a goods loader for the L. and Y. Company met with an accident while on duty, and was incapable of work for 19 days. Having signed the *Christian Herald* coupon, he made a claim for the two pounds. The consequent correspondence is interesting. The first letter read:—

> We are in receipt of your letter enclosing coupons and also your portrait, and are sorry to hear that you have met with an accident. We wish you a speedy recovery. With regard to the Insurance, we do not think you are eligible, because you are not a uniformed servant.

The claimant then wrote the *Christian Herald*, telling them he was a servant of the Railway Company, that he had been in their employ for over seven years, and that at the time of the accident he was wearing a uniform overcoat supplied by the Company; whereupon the paper replied:—

> You are quite mistaken in your reading of the coupon; the word "unformed" applies both to workmen and servant (*sic*) and means those who are in uniform.

To our mind, this seems a mean resort to hair-splitting, and reflects little credit upon the "*Christian*" *Herald* Company.

Nearly 2,000 MORE "Bullets" CASH Prizes every week. Our New Offer. See page 32.

"JOHN BULL'S BOY."

LITTLE PETER SCOTT RECEIVES THE MODEL.

In accordance with the announcement made in our last issue, the beautiful model of Captain Scott's famous ship, the *Terra Nova*, subscribed for by the proprietors and readers of JOHN BULL, has now been handed over to Lady Scott, on behalf of her little son, Peter. Upon seeing a photo of the model, Lady Scott wrote :—

> The photograph you have sent me of the model of the *Terra Nova* shows it to be the most beautiful piece of workmanship, and I am very grateful to you for presenting it to my son. He has seen the photograph and is delighted at the prospect of the model. He is too young to understand a personal presentation. If you would send it to me here I will explain to him whose gift it is and later on the good motives that prompted it.

After receiving the ship, on Friday of last week, Lady Scott sent us the following letter :—

> My son has received the really exquisite silver model of the *Terra Nova* that you and your readers have sent him. The craftsmanship is most wonderful, and my son, who is only just *four*, recognised each part of the ship—the crow's nest, the poop on which the dogs were tethered when he saw over it, the figur - head, etc. You may assure your readers it caused great joy. Although it is already regarded as the most wonderful treasure, I have no doubt its value to my son will increase as years go on, and I hope it may be treasured in his family in future generations.

OUR £1,000 CHRISTMAS "BULLET."

A SINISTER SLANDER REFUTED.

In our last issue we published a letter from Mr. F. Wrigglesworth, the winner of our £1,000 Christmas "Bullet," from which it will be gathered that his business necessitates his constant removal from one part of the country to another. In view of this fact, the ever meddlesome John Gulland, the Organizing Secretary of the Anti-Gambling League, thought fit to write a letter to the *Manchester Evening News*, in which he clearly hinted that there was something suspicious about the award to Mr. Wrigglesworth, and, indeed, went so far as to suggest that he was a fictitious prize winner. Not only was this foul suggestion effectually demolished by Mr. Wrigglesworth's own letter, but it happened that a Manchester journalist, well known to the *Manchester Evening News* had verified the *bona-fides* of the award, and he at once wrote repudiating Mr. Gulland's innuendoes. We also invited our contemporary to satisfy itself upon the matter, and in its issue of January 7th the following paragraph appeared :—

THE "JOHN BULL" COUPON COMPETITIONS.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

> In our issue of January 1 we published a letter from Mr. John Gulland, Secretary to the Manchester branch of the Anti-Gambling League, in which Mr. Gulland stated that he had been unsuccessful in his attempts to find the winner of a "Bullet" competition based on the words, "Stirring Times," though the name and address of the winner had been announced in the weekly journal which ran the competition, together with an intimation that he had been paid £1,000. Since the letter appeared we have received a communication from the Editor of JOHN BULL, and we are now satisfied that the £1,000 was paid to Mr. Wrigglesworth, a wireless operator, living in Broughton, and that they hold his receipt for the money. This announcement removes any doubt which may have been expressed about the *bona-fides* of the competition, if such a doubt was raised by Mr. Gulland's letter, and we regret that the letter was published in our columns.

We will deal with Mr. Gulland in our own way. These "Anti-Gambling" cranks must be taught a lesson!

MILITARY MYSTERIES.

By W.H.A.T.

When those irritating, expensive, non-effectual, play-acting games called manœuvres recur every autumn, and owing to the criminal shortage of horses all kinds of animals are impressed into the service, why, in the case of horses used for conveyance of stores, baggage, &c., is it necessary to dock the poor creatures, leaving the tail raw and bleeding, so that when the wagons and carts press against and rub the stumps the horse of a certainty becomes more or less mad? If it is necessary that for some occult reason of the War Office this cruelty should be insisted upon, why should not a red bandage be worn on the tail to indicate the temper of the horse and act as warning to carters and others, and thus prevent what happened in one camp—the death of a reservist (his brains were kicked out), and the sending to hospital of a civilian driver? It would be, of course, useless to ask for numbers so killed and wounded during the last manœuvres.

MANŒUVRES IN THE MUD.

Why, in weather like that of 1912, was it necessary to hold the manœuvres at all? All ranks dreaded them, and with good reason. On active service the soldier knows he will have to take weather as it comes, but for peace movements, surely, it is no use sending men to certain pneumonia and death. It is no use saying it hardens the men; it enfeebles them. Of thousands of men under canvas in that cold, wet autumn, hundreds went to hospital, and horses not absolutely ruined took weeks to recuperate. It would be interesting to know how many horses were *supposed* to attend manœuvres from each regiment, how many went (certainly not over 50 per cent.), and how many of those that struggled through the preliminary divisional training and got to the manœuvres district were returned as unfit before the manœuvres were half over. And what was the great result? There is no living military authority can inform us which side won! No wonder the King cancelled the last day's muddle and left in haste.

People talk so! Some of these impudent persons say that many of the hay and corn stores (depots temporarily formed for the manœuvre period) are not returned to the authorities, but that the unused stock has been sold cheap to neighbouring farmers. But has even that price ever found its way into the credit side of the forage accounts? Did anybody ever trouble to discover? No, the easiest of easy-going nations pays twice, and this seems to be the rule for everything.

LUCKLESS LANCERS.

A fortnight ago a report of a dinner given by the 9th Lancers was published in the *Regiment*. The Colonel remarked upon the very bad condition of affairs when his regiment marched into Tidworth (a delectable spot in Siberia—on Salisbury Plain). The barracks were not ready for them—cavalry barracks built seven or eight years ago, notice given the Lancers by the War Office months before the actual shift, and at the last moment nearly a hundred horses were left behind and stables were commenced to be built! Probably the genius who sent the order to shift to Tidworth was quite unaware that Lancers indicated cavalry, that cavalry indicated horses, for not only were stables to be built at double quick time, but forges also. Yes, I expect he knows by now that horses require shoeing. He may also awake to the fact that as soldiers are only considered as efficient in all things when able to swim, and as there is no river near these mile-long barracks, holding seven regiments and attendant staffs, a swimming bath is a very great advantage. And let us hope it may not be as long in coming as the lighting arrangements, as year after year has passed with the only light being a few miserable oil lamps, flickering for an hour or two nightly.

I am afraid this contribution will read like a long-sustained and monotonous grumble. I am sorry, but it was necessary. The easiest way to remedy Army grievances is by means of the popular press, and having this opportunity afforded me of ventilating them in a journal of such huge circulation and unbounded influence as JOHN BULL, I naturally seized it with alacrity.

TOYS AND TARADIDDLES.

BANG GOES A SHILLING.

A reader has sent us a box of toys upon which he invites us to exercise our critical judgment. We lay no claim to expert knowledge in nursery matters, but "without prejudice," we venture to declare that they are bewitching in their variety, baffling in their ingenuity, chaste in design, finished in workmanship, and withal, perfect marvels of inexpensive production. Our interest turns to wonder as we observe that the whole selection, consisting of something like a hundred articles, may be snugly packed in a box measuring eight inches by four, with a depth of little more than one inch. The result is principally due to the fact that the "toys" are made flat, out of card-board and thin paper.

Our correspondent invites our attention to the glowing terms of a newspaper advertisement, whereby he was induced to purchase this treasury of delight from the Vahl Toy Box Purveyors, at the Mail Order House, Brighton, for the sum of one shilling sterling. The "puff" in question certainly affords as fine an example of the advertiser's art as we have seen for some time. Here is a "bargain of bargains" which will afford "a sort of fun for all the family" and, in conjunction with a Christmas tree, furnish "a vision of wonderment and delight." Here is a "magic camera," a "cinematograph or magic moving picture show," and "an endless variety of toys, games and puzzles." The imaginative reader is swept along with the swirl of ecstatic verbiage. "How the children will scream with delight when the parcel is opened! How the grown-ups will open wide their eyes when they see the heaps of delight in prospect!" and so on, till the brain reels in pure intoxication of prospective joy. The whole is illustrated with three simple yet eloquent diagrams—which bear no sort of resemblance to the articles submitted for our inspection.

Sad to relate, our correspondent seems by no means satisfied with his "bargain of bargains." "What do you think of it?" he demands. Well, if he had paid ten shillings for the toy-box we should think quite a lot, and if he had even parted with half-a-crown we should think quite a little. But seeing that his disbursement amounted to only one shilling, we don't think much of either his loss or his gain. And if he really believed the half column of gush for gulls which he has been good enough to send along to us, we think heaps and heaps of things which no inducement on earth shall persuade us to utter.

NOT FAIR OF FRASER.

A FROLICSOME FURNISHING FIRM.

One of our Liverpool readers, tempted by an advertisement, sent to the Royal Furnishing Co. (George Fraser, Ltd.), of Essex-road, London, for some furniture on the hire-purchase system, asking what deposit would be required. He was informed that upon receipt of 12s. the goods would be sent. Subsequently a further demand for 4s and 2s. to cover insurance was made. Disinclined to pay the 2s. for insurance, our correspondent forwarded 10s., and waited day after day in expectation of seeing a van drive up to his door with the goods. Instead, however, a letter reached him a fortnight later, stating that Messrs. Fraser, Ltd., could not see their way to supply the goods, and that the only way out of the difficulty was for our informant to select goods from their catalogue to the value of 16s., and pay carriage on them. This suggestion did not meet the approval of our correspondent, who wrote demanding the return of his deposit. But this reasonable application Messrs. Fraser, Ltd., treated with silent contempt. More than two months have now passed by, and still they hold the money, to which they have no more right than we have. Our correspondent is a working man who can ill afford the loss of such a sum. Our advice to him is that he issue a summons for the return of the money; and at the same time we venture to warn the general public to exercise care in their dealings with the Royal Furnishing Co. Our readers will remember that we have exposed somewhat similar tricks on Fraser's part before.

INQUISITIVE.

CATECHISED BY THE B.S.M.A.L.T.P.S.

Bootmakers and leather sellers in a small way have lately been receiving a formidable document from the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association and Leather Trades Protection Society, Incorporated, of Basma House, 13A, Fore Street, London, embodying questions concerning their business which we have no hesitation in characterising as rudely inquisitive. Trade protection societies are useful and necessary adjuncts to commerce, provided their methods are neither terrorising nor too inquisitorial. Small tradesmen, it appears, who deal with one wholesale firm on credit terms are the most likely to receive the document in question, the object of the Society apparently being to prevent the opening of an account with any other firm. The letter starts with the statement that the Secretary, Mr. John Arthur Craig, is revising his report upon the tradesman to whom it is addressed, and that it would greatly assist him to have the names of three or four firms with whom the tradesman is doing business largely, so that the Society could "obtain their experience and embody it in the report," together with such information *as can be obtained from other quarters*. In addition, the following questions are asked, to enable the Society to give the tradesmen a "rating" in their books:—

1. What is the amount of your own capital (not borrowed)?
2. What is the total amount of your capital, including borrowed money?
3. What is the approximate value of your stock?
4. What is the amount of your liabilities on trading accounts?
5. Are these figures shown in a certified balance sheet?
6. If so, at what date?
7. Who are your bankers?
8. Names of firms you are buying from?

Strange to say, there are no inquiries as to age, religion, and politics, whether married or single, and whether all the tradesman's teeth are his own. Perhaps, when revising his catechism, Mr. John Arthur Craig will repair these obvious omissions. Meanwhile, it seems to us that bootmakers and leather-sellers in a small way could do with a society to protect them against the "curious" methods of the B.S.M.A.L.T. Protection Society.

BENEFACTIONS FROM BIRKENHEAD.

A VERY WIDE INVESTMENT SYNDICATE.

Mr. Thomas Dawson, of 33, Grosvenor Road, Birkenhead, seems to be on the prowl for "mugs." He trades as Dawson and Co., of "Shrewsbury and London," and offers "absolutely safe investments, returning 100 per cent. per annum." He "guarantees" for every £60 invested with him an assured income of £5 a month, paid regularly—and, by the way of "make-weight" to clinch the bargain, he is prepared to throw in a free ten years' "Endowment Policy" for double the amount invested. "My scheme," he says, "is conducted upon infallible mathematical principles, and cannot fail as long as the fact remains that twice one are two.

As we are always on the look out for a good thing, we wrote the discoverer asking him to supply us with his Shrewsbury and London addresses. But the only answer to this reasonable request is, "I shall have a revised leaflet revealing what you desire next month"! In the meantime, our readers should give him a wide berth.

SPELLING REFORM AT WITHERNSEA.

DISTRICT COUNCIL STRIKE OUT ON A NEW LINE.

A "Frequent Visitor" to Withernsea tells us that: "Passing along the beach the other day opposite the promenade wall I noticed two or three boxes in which are stored lifebelts hanging from the promenade walls. On these boxes was to be seen the following: 'No. 1 Lifebouy. No. 2 Lifebouy,' etc." Probably the eminent orthographists of the Withernsea District Council have been too busy grappling with the local education problem to notice these things. They had better take a rest for a spell.

Don't Forget the Pen Coupon. See page iii. of cover.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

A PRIEST, A POLICEMAN, AND A PALTRY PROSECUTION.

The Rev. A. E. Sorby is the ordained apostle of peace and love in the parish of Darfield, near Barnsley, and Darfield is not far from Wombwell, where a Miss McCarthy keeps a Roman Catholic school. Just before Christmas, the schoolmistress sent several of her scholars in search of holly for decorations, directing them to a wood where it might be freely gathered, and relying implicitly upon their discretion. But boys will be boys, and the urchins sought to "save their legs" by plundering nearer glades. Thus it was that they chanced to stumble upon the sacred glebe of the Rev. A. E. Sorby, of Darfield, as aforesaid. There is no brooking the ugly circumstance. They stole the Rector's holly. His reverence was speedily apprised of the horrid fact—so, too, was Sergeant Lancaster of the local police. These twain must share responsibility for what subsequently occurred. On learning of the unauthorised depredations of her pupils, Miss McCarthy courteously waited upon the Rector, expressing profound regret and offering to pay for the damage which the lads had done. Further, she sought out the gallant sergeant, and at his feet made abject apology for the grievous despite done to the majesty of the law, as shown forth in his august person. It was all of no avail. The avenging purpose of the law might not thus lightly be deflected. On the eve of Christmas, eight tear-stained youngsters stood in the dock at Barnsley to receive such meet punishment as the assembled Justices might see fit to inflict.

Happily for the youthful offenders thus threatened with the indelible stain of criminal conviction, the spirit of the season appears to have infected the Bench. The worthy Magistrates refused to take a serious view of the trespass upon holy ground. They dismissed three of the lads unconditionally, and the remaining three upon payment of the costs, but not the damage, with a few pointed remarks as to the "cruelty" of the prosecution.

And, if we had our way, we would deal thusly with the godly Sorby and his uniformed ally. We would sentence the policeman that from now till next Christmas he repair three times each Sabbath day to the parish church of Darfield, by Barnsley, there to hear the pious Rector preach the gospel of loving-kindness and goodwill to men. For the parson, we would honestly try to find excuses. We would cause an inquiry into his mental condition. We would try to discover how far he was persuaded, or coerced, or cajoled by the policeman. We would reflect that the despoilers of his glebe were Roman Catholic children, and that he may honestly have traced their affront to the insidious wiles of the Scarlet Woman. We would give the fullest weight to these and similar considerations, and then, like the Irishman dissuaded from mortal combat, we would "lave him to God."

NULLIFIED NEPOTISM.

A VACANT JOB AT EALING.

In deciding to invite public applications for the vacant post in the drawing office of their Borough Surveyor, the Ealing Borough Council have adopted the only course consistent with their public duty. The hole and corner nomination of Mr. L. Eden—nephew of the Deputy-Mayor—was in every way indefensible, and we are surprised that the Works Committee should have seen fit to advance a suggestion so out of harmony with the dictates of civic propriety. Their recommendation was received by the Council in the absence of the Deputy-Mayor, but in view of his public record, we hardly think Councillor Eden will be found actively to resent a decision obviously inspired by sound considerations of public policy. We need not add that our criticism implied no reflection upon the capacity of Mr. L. Eden to discharge the duties of the vacant office. Our protest was solely directed to the arrangement whereby it was sought to fill the post without recourse to public competition. Thanks to the salutary action of the Council, a fair field and no favour is now reasonably assured. May the best man win!

A GROSS ABUSE.

BAILIFF VALUES PIANO AT FIVE SHILLINGS.

From reports which continue to reach us from time to time, we are more than ever convinced that illegal and excessive distraint is deplorably rife. The Bournemouth County Court Judge, however, is apparently determined to stamp out such excesses within his jurisdiction, and we heartily acclaim his laudable resolve. A humble jobbing painter recently appeared before his Honour to claim damages from his landlord and a Certificated bailiff, in respect of improper distraint. It was shown that in one instance the landlord, having executed certain highly necessary repairs in the plaintiff's cottage, had sought to recover the cost of them by first increasing the rent, and then levying distress for the enhanced amount. The trick of extorting money by a formal notice to quit, with increased rent in the alternative, is one much in favour with a certain class of landlord, but we have rarely met with a meaner instance of its application. Other disputes followed, and again the defendant had recourse to the same shabby expedient. A second distraint was levied with every circumstance of aggravation. The alleged indebtedness of the plaintiff amounted to only £2 5s., but the value of the goods seized was far in excess of this sum. Having valued a piano at five shillings, the bailiff had the effrontery to declare that there was not enough furniture on the premises to satisfy the debt and expenses. The wife of the tenant, having first been forbidden to remove certain articles to which she attached peculiar value, was finally bolted out of the cottage by the "man in possession." Moreover, it was clear from the evidence that the plaintiff had all the time been willing to satisfy every just demand, and that the whole sorry business had originated in the landlord's attempt to "bounce" his tenant into paying for repairs for which he was in no way responsible. We are happy to record that the learned Judge had no hesitation in entering judgment for the tenant for £15 damages, with costs. The landlord enjoyed the added distinction of being judicially declared unworthy of credence. To the bailiff, who had levied distraints which he must have known to be illegal, his Honour administered a well-merited rebuke, suspending his certificate pending some "explanation" of his conduct, which the fellow will be hard put to it to find. The Judge's effective action will doubtless constitute a wholesome warning to landlords who may be tempted to convert the law of distress to purposes of oppression. Meanwhile, we abate no measure of our hostility to a system which lends itself far too readily to outrage and abuse. As we have already said, we have every reason to fear that such cases are by no means uncommon, though in few instances have the tenants sufficient legal knowledge or means to secure redress.

A WAR OFFICE "JOKE."

WANDSWORTH HOAX ON UNEMPLOYED.

Anybody so callous as to play a trick upon men out of work should in our opinion be drastically punished. On January 1st the following advertisement appeared in the *Evening News*:—

> OUTDOOR employment in Surrey for Surrey men. Wanted, young healthy men, aged 18-24, good character essential, 4 months' outdoor work, lodging, food, clothing found; wages 6s. 8d. per week; bonus given end of period.—Apply personally, January 1 and 2, between 11 and 12, no letters answered.—Manager, 35, West Hill, Wandsworth.

We do not know how many hundreds of poor half-starved creatures tramped to Wandsworth as the result of seeing this advertisement, but to our knowledge several walked twenty miles and more—to find upon arrival at the address given that it was an improvised recruiting station for the Army! Several well-fed recruiting officers were on the premises, and they formed a striking contrast to the poor worn-out creatures who had tramped, on empty stomachs, in the hope of getting employment. The stamina and spirit of these poor wretches can be judged by the fact that the recruiting officers did not get their heads smashed and the premises wrecked. We ask the Secretary of State for War to have inquiries made, and visit his official wrath upon the party responsible for this dastardly outrage.

Try "Bullets"—There's Money in it. Nearly 2,000 EXTRA CASH Prizes Weekly.

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28-VOLUME

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HERE in these 28 volumes are years of delight and enjoyment for you and your family, your children and your children's children. It is the most magnificent edition of Sir Walter Scott ever published, an edition of which

The great granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott,
Mrs. M. M. Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford, wrote—

"Your beautiful edition of Sir Walter's works! The illustrations are charming and I value the books very much themselves."

Just recall a few of the thrilling romances in which Scott called into glowing vibrant life the long-dead heroes and heroines whom we accompany with such delight through their lives and loves.

Waverley. A tale of Bonnie Prince Charlie which took the world by storm. It created its author's reputation as a master of historical romance.

Rob Roy. Depicts with vivid pen the adventures of the famous outlaw. Here we meet the never-to-be-forgotten Bailie Nicol Jarvie and that best loved of heroines, Di Vernon.

The Heart of Midlothian. The description of the Porteous riots, and the pathetic story of Jennie and Effie Deans will live as long as literature itself.

Ivanhoe. The most popular romance of love and chivalry ever penned. It stirs our blood as we hear the clash of arms in the Tournaments of Coeur de Lion, and it excites our sympathy and draws our tears by the pathetic tale of the beautiful Jewess, Rebecca.

The Abbot. Mary Queen of Scots lives for ever in its pages and its fascinating heroine Catherine Seymour, who frequently attires herself in hose and doublet, can only be compared to Rosalind herself.

Woodstock. The finest of all "Cavalier and Roundhead" romances. The picture of the old Cavalier whose daughter is wooed by a Parliamentarian is inimitable.

The Fair Maid of Perth. Scott at his best. The book in which the genius of Scott flamed up into an incandescent brilliance. A tale of the early, but always ill-fated Stuarts, and the tragic death by starvation of the Earl of Rothesay, the heir to the Scottish throne.

Count Robert of Paris. The life of Ancient Byzantium with all its pomp and glory passes in a glittering pageant before our eyes as we read these pages.

IN the Fine Art Scott, you have all the novels in 25 beautiful volumes—you have two volumes of poems, in which the ring of Scott's cadences is like the rattle of a sword in its scabbard—and you have in yet another volume and in handy form that great biographical classic, "Lockhart's Life of Scott," that opens the door to an understanding of a hero and increases our admiration of one of the world's geniuses.

A Gallery of Scott-inspired Art.

THE pictures in the Fine Art Scott are supreme—unequalled. Never before has such a galaxy of talent deriving its inspiration from the pages of Scott been gathered within the boards of one edition of the master's works. And the result is such that there is little fear of any succeeding edition eclipsing this one in pictorial excellence. There are nearly 800 illustrations by famous artists reproduced in beautiful half-tone, and there are 28 beautiful hand-printed photogravures.

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J.B.

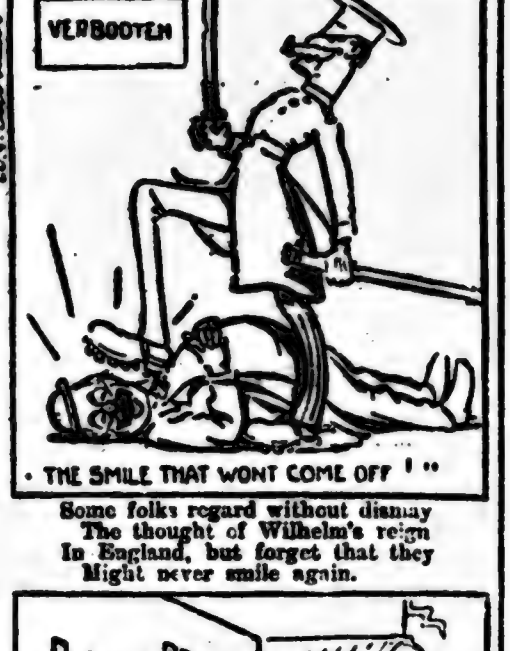
OCCUPATION .. ..

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Cries Brum: "Joe Chamberlain, my Jo,
This parting is a grief;
But take, since you are fain to go,
My blessing, and your leave."

John glances at the proffered crust,
But sees in it a token
That Canada 'tis vain to trust,
For crusts are always broken.



Some folks regard without dismay
The thought of Wilhelm's reign
In England, but forget that they
Might never smile again.

May all who frequent Maiden Lane,
Whose interest never cools,
Find no real reason to complain
Of Rules under new rules.

Lloyd George invades poor Winston's realm,
Who does to Asquith cry,
"Here, who is at the Navy's helm—
That wurzel chap, or I?"

At Olympia such throngs are seen,
The animals to view,
That if there's some who've not yet been
One simply wonders who.

THE HONOUR OF "LLOYD'S."

UNDERWRITER PLEADS THE STATUTES.

The vast marine insurance business which, under the ægis of "Lloyd's," has attained world-wide repute, has hitherto been conducted with the nicest regard for the requirements of honour. Recently, however, it was sought to fix an underwriter in respect of vessels wrecked as long ago as 1898, but in extenuation of the owners' delay in asserting their rights, it was explained that they had awaited the result of protracted litigation in the American Courts, by which, they alleged, the underwriter had agreed to be bound. But the defendant disclaimed any such agreement, and contented himself with the technical and inconclusive plea that, whatever the merits of the dispute, the claim was "statute barred."

Mr. Justice Scrutton, whose wide experience in maritime matters is a weighty asset to the King's Bench, had no option but to enter judgment for the underwriter, with costs. In so doing, however, he took occasion to convey to the defendant his sense of the impropriety of the expedient to which he had had resort. "The defendant," he said, "is not apparently quite happy in raising this point, and desires (through his counsel) to address a long speech as to why he raises it. He must make that speech to the brokers who come to him at Lloyd's with business, and not to me. My duty is only to enforce the law." Never before, as far as we know, has a Lloyd's underwriter sought to evade the discharge of an obligation by resort to a purely technical plea.

A BLIND GUIDE.

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

In our issue of December 13th we made some reference to a Company formed in 1911 by Mr. John James Monelle, "to found and establish the business of investment agents, etc." We then declared that Mr. Monelle had not a farthing invested in this precious concern, while only £6 of a nominal capital of £1,500 had been actually taken up. In the light of these circumstances, and in view of the recrudescence of advertisements of "Monelle's, Ltd.," an earlier episode in the career of the promoter is not without interest. In 1905, John James Monelle, of 38, Kingsdown Parade, Bristol, carrying on business as a mortgage broker in that city, was adjudged bankrupt, his deficiency amounting to rather over £1,000. The debtor admitted that he knew himself to be insolvent when, two years before, he lost an important and costly legal action. This, forsooth, is the man who now, in the guise of a limited Company, essays to teach other people how to float and organise commercial and speculative concerns.

In view of the nature of the present Company and his own proved incompetence, we need hardly advise investors to keep Mr. Monelle at arms' length. In particular, his insidious pleas for "a fiver to go on with" should be firmly resisted. It will be remembered that Mrs. Kate Monelle holds a mortgage debenture of £335 against the Company's cash funds of £6. If we mistake not, this lady's holdings of property formed the subject of official investigation in the course of the bankruptcy proceedings of 1905.

New Mammoth Football Prizes—£5 a Week for Life or £2,500, £1,000, £500 and £50. See page 27.

Can you write good Business Letters?

An Important Article for every man engaged in business. A Situation at £200 a year with A. W. Gamage, Ltd.

HAVE you ever thought what an extremely valuable gift it is to be able to write really good business letters? Anyone can write a letter—of a sort. But the real correspondent who can be depended on to write a letter that will bring in orders, or that will carry its point if produced as evidence in a court of law, is a treasure rarely to be met with.

Just think what a difference it would make to you in your business if you could write really successful letters? Hundreds of huge businesses have been built up entirely through the clever use of the business bringing power of the letter. Are you, in your own way, doing the same thing by writing circular letters that bring you new customers every day?

Perhaps you could do so but cannot spare the time. Perhaps, however, you have not the knack of writing such letters. In either case, there is now an easy way out of your difficulty.

A new edition of the world-famous "Business Encyclopædia" has just been brought out containing over

1,000 Model Letters and Agreements

which you can adapt or use to suit every occasion that can possibly arise in your business. Just consider, apart from all the many other uses of the "Business Encyclopædia," how extremely valuable this section alone would be to you.

Letters that Bring you More Business.

Take, for instance, the many varieties of letters sent to customers and would-be customers—letters answering complaints or collecting accounts—do you ever have to write these?

And how about "form" or circular letters that seek to sell goods? Even a letter-writer of quite ordinary calibre will charge anything from a guinea upwards for writing such letters, yet here you have letters specially written by expert authorities on every conceivable subject, including letters announcing the start of a new business or the new management of an old one; the inauguration of any new department or the acquisition of any new agency; letters to new residents in a district or to visitors to hotels; letters announcing special delivery arrangements.

Recovering Lost Customers.

Then there is a most important section giving all sorts of letters to recover lost customers—most valuable letters these. Other valuable letters are letters offering and sending out catalogues and circulars of all sorts; letters announcing new season's stocks; letters about sales of all kinds; in fact, circular letters of every conceivable kind and nature.

Letters Saving Legal Costs.

Another section that will save you many pounds every year is the large portion devoted to legal and semi-legal letters and agreements of all sorts. The subjects included are so wide as to cover every phase of business. These are just a few of them: Insurance, Relations of Landlord and Tenant, Licences, Notifications and Applications to Local Authorities, Engaging Employees and Dismissing them, Mortgages, the National Insurance Act and the Workmen's Compensation Act, nominating Legal Representatives, Options, Patents, Partnerships, Rates, References, Warranties, Stock Exchange Transactions, Trustees.

A Book on Business Free.

On this page you will find a special coupon for readers of JOHN BULL, which entitles you to a free copy of an interesting book on business, that may set you on the right road to business success, just as it has set many others of your fellow readers. In itself, it is of considerable value to any business man, for it contains actual facsimile specimens, showing how to draw up important legal documents, such as wills, agreements, leases, indentures, etc., etc.

But—and this is the most vital point for you—it tells you also *all* about this great "Business Encyclopædia," probably the most valuable work that any business man could have. It is the only work that gives full and detailed information on all the problems that confront the business man during his work.

How it concerns you.

Whatever line of business you are in, whatever position you occupy in it, this work can prove invaluable to you if you will use it right. If you want to know about any point in bookkeeping the "Business Encyclopædia" will tell you. If you want to know about drawing up a balance-sheet or a profit and loss account, you will find it here. If you want to know the law as it affects your own particular calling, if you want to know anything about manufacturing, if you want to learn all about loose and card index systems, you can learn it here. You can learn, in fact, of any and every subject connected with business. Surely you realise the help this knowledge would mean.

SITUATION AT £200 A YEAR.

Moreover, if you own the "Business Encyclopædia," you can enter for the position offered by Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., the famous Holborn outfitters, who require a man or woman for a responsible position in their firm, and who know that the person who owns and studies the "Business Encyclopædia" is the best possible man or woman for the post. The position carries a commencing salary of £200 a year, and will be filled by competitive examination. Full particulars will be sent free on receipt of the form below. There is no entrance fee, and a number of other prizes are offered from £100 in cash downwards

TWO OPINIONS.

J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., write:—

"We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is the work *par excellence* for every business man to possess."

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To the CAXTON PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
54, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me one complimentary copy of the book on the "Business Encyclopædia." Also particulars of the situation at £200 a year with Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd

Name .....
(Send this form or a postcard.)

Address .....

.....

HAVERHILL MAGISTRATES ON THE SQUINT.

ASTONISHING REMARKS BY THEIR CLERK.

Another instance of magistracy on the squint is furnished by the J.P.s sitting at the recent Haverhill Petty Sessions, with Mr. G. S. Goodchild in the chair. A labourer, named Bertram, had been summoned for assaulting a local policeman. On Bertram's appearance to answer the charge, the Superintendent of Police rose and stated that as the evidence was not what it had been represented to him at first, he desired to withdraw the summons. The summons withdrawn, the man naturally asked for costs against the police. On this the Magistrates' Clerk, Mr. J. A. Stead, interposed with the gratuitously offensive and silly remark that "the defendant ought to consider himself lucky to be treated as he had been; supposing the Bench had heard the case and convicted him?" Why should Bertram consider himself lucky, and why should he suppose anything of the sort? Anyhow, one supposition in circumstances of that kind is as appropriate as another, wherefore let us suppose the Magistrates had heard the case and had *not* convicted him, as they could not have done in the absence of adequate evidence, which admittedly the police had not got; where does the validity of the Clerk's interposition come in then? When a Magistrates' Clerk indulges in silly claptrap it is rarely indeed that the Justices whom he is supposed to guide rise above his level. As might have been anticipated, "the Chairman advised defendant to leave things as they were, and he left the Court."

Now, this sort of thing is thoroughly unfair. When the police succeed in a case which carries costs against a defendant they never fail to apply for them, and very seldom indeed fail to get them. This man Bertram, a poor labourer, probably had to leave his work to defend himself against accusations which obviously should not have been made and which were withdrawn for lack of evidence to support them when he appeared in court. Neither the Magistrates' Clerk nor the Magistrates could have known anything about the facts. True, Bertram stood in the dock but he was not even accused. The obvious inference was that Bertram was innocent; a lawyer's office boy could have explained that he was obviously innocent in law, even if they hadn't declared as much themselves by allowing the withdrawal of the summons. Why then should not this man have his just and proper costs? "Consider himself lucky," forsooth! "Supposing the Magistrates had heard the case and convicted him!" We have not the smallest scrap of evidence that this Magistrates' Clerk has murdered his grandmother, but let him consider himself lucky that a charge of doing so has not been preferred against him. Suppose the Magistrates decide to hear the case—without evidence—and suppose they convict him, and suppose he is taken to the place whence he came, and thence to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until he is dead! If a Magistrates' Clerk cannot open his mouth without putting both his feet into it, he had better keep it shut, and if the Bench of Justices whom he is supposed to guide have not sufficient understanding to recognise impertinent, mischievous, and misleading nonsense when he talks, then the sooner they find some other occupation for their leisure hours than the administration of "justice," the better it will be for the public at large.

THE BETTER WAY.

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO JACK.

Courts-martial are properly armed with plenary powers for the maintenance of naval and military discipline, but subject to this supreme necessity, they should not be permitted to supersede the ordinary criminal courts of the realm. A blue-jacket, charged with grave misconduct, was recently arraigned before a Court Martial at Chatham, where to an order of dismissal from the Navy was added a sentence of five years' penal servitude. We in no way extenuate the man's crime, but we are bound to reflect that his position is worse than that of the ordinary criminal, in that he is denied access to the Court of Criminal Appeal. Justice would have been better met by a simple order of expulsion from the Service, followed by trial before a civil tribunal.

A POLICE DOCTOR'S BLUNDERING.

NOSEGAY BREATH AS A TEST OF DRUNKENNESS.

The case of Arthur Haxell, of West Ham, is another instance of the sloppy way in which policemen and police doctors often jump to conclusions. Haxell staggered and fell in the street, a policeman took him into custody for being drunk and incapable, and when Dr. Grogono found him unconscious in the cell he promptly certified him as drunk, for no other reason than that "he smelt of alcohol." The next morning Haxell was dead, and "a post-mortem examination showed that death was due to cerebral hæmorrhage, and it was probable Haxell was not really drunk." It ought to be obvious to any doctor that if everybody is to be certified as drunk merely because he smells of alcohol, about three quarters of the adult population of this country ought to be arrested every night, and certificated accordingly. In this category we should include most Cabinet Ministers, half the bench of Bishops, a few of the Judges, nearly all the magistrates, a majority who have been called to the Bar, a huge crowd of the clergy, the bulk of the Army, actors and actresses too numerous to mention, and, for all we know to the contrary, Dr. Grogono himself. The smell of alcohol ought to be the very last test for drunkenness, for even one wee drappie, to say nothing of anither dram, makes most people as perceptible as a nosegay. Somebody pointed out only a few weeks back that when a man is fu' and thinks he's drunk, he is sober; but when he's fu' and thinks he's sober, he is drunk. This is evidently a definition which necessitates care in its practical application; but in general we should say that when a policeman finds a man drunk and incapable his safest plan is to arrest him for being in the open air and not knowing where to go; he could then call in the police surgeon to examine his prisoner without prejudice on that preliminary hypothesis. There are far too many police blunders of the Haxell sort, and as long as a "smell of alcohol" is allowed to determine the question, as it so very often does, there will be many more.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

MORE ABOUT THE STOCKTON HEATH FIRE BRIGADE.

Some time ago, we had pleasure in recording the marvellous achievement of the Stockton Heath Fire Brigade. The alarm bell had no tongue and had to be struck with a clothes-prop before it would sound. A fortnight ago, one of the members of the Brigade, while at work, was told by a youth that a couple of houses in Warburton Street were on fire. He instructed the lad to ring the bell, while he, himself, got into his uniform. But the clothes-prop had vanished, the lady who owned it being engaged "washing." To her credit, however, be it said, immediately she heard of the emergency, she lent the humble but useful article to the boy, who was able to fulfil his mission. In due course, the men of the Brigade rolled up, and away rushed the fire-engine at at least four miles an hour to the scene of the conflagration. Upon arrival, the hose commenced to play, but notwithstanding all the water that was poured upon the houses, steam refused to show itself. The tenants being out, the doors and windows were bashed in, in the accepted melodramatic manner, to the great admiration of the crowd, in order to discover the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon. Still no trace of fire could be discovered, whereupon someone suggested that the outbreak was on the roof. In response to loud and urgent demands for a ladder, a still small voice was heard to whisper "There ain't none." The fickle crowd laughed. Goaded by ridicule, one of the more daring spirits of the Brigade courageously scaled the walls—to find there was no fire at all—the whole hullabaloo having arisen from the reflection of a distant light upon some tin! The incident will, however, have served some purpose, for it must have brought home to the Parochial Committee that a ladder is a necessary item in the equipment of a fire brigade. Indeed, they seem already to have taken the lesson to heart, for the fire bell now stands forth in all its original glory, a tongue and chair complete. But any stranger who dares to stop and stare at that historic bell and to ask one of the Brigade "What about the fire that wasn't?" is likely to provide a job for the local Coroner.

Ladies are Specially Invited to enter our Football Contests. See our "Mauve" Coupon Offer, p. 27.

CAN YOU SPEAK IN PUBLIC?

An Indispensable Guide to Public Speaking.

To one man the chance of making a speech affords the opportunity for an enhanced reputation; to another it is nothing but a danger. For the man who stutters and stammers, and finally sits down after a speech principally consisting of "ums" and "ers," scarcely enhances his reputation as a keen-witted member of the community or as a man whose intelligence and resource can be depended upon in a business crisis.

For that reason the publication of "The Book of Public Speaking" is an event of the greatest importance. For it is the first comprehensive work upon this important subject ever published in this country.

How to Speak in Public

The whole work is edited by A. C. Fox Davies, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, who is himself well known as a Public Speaker, and he has been assisted by:

Rt. Hon. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P. on "How to Make an Effective Speech"

Sir W. ROBERTSON NICOLL (Editor of the *British Weekly*) on "The Art of Oratory";

ARTHUR BOURCHIER (the well-known Actor), on "How to Prepare and Deliver a Speech";

J. L. GRIFFITHS (U.S.A. Consul-General, London) on "After-Dinner Speaking";

A. C. BENSON, M.A., on "The Art of Lecturing";

with articles on "The Conduct of and Procedure at Public Meetings."

Indispensable for all Speakers.

Altogether there is no doubt that Politicians, Debaters, Clergymen, and all others whose position in life calls for the power of being able to speak in public, will find "The Book of Public Speaking" an absolutely indispensable work. However unusual the subject upon which they lack material, they will find it here. Alike for the practised speaker and for the man who wishes to acquire this valuable art, no work so important has ever been published.

Two Opinions.

Rt. Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN writes:
"The speeches have been well chosen."

PHILIP SNOWDEN, Esq., M.P., writes:—
"The selection of speeches seems to me to be admirable. The introduction and the articles on the art of public speaking are full of very excellent advice."

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LEARNING MUSIC WITHOUT A TEACHER.

A Remarkable Letter.

'Dear Sir,—I must write and tell you what a tremendous help I am finding the Musical Educator. Being unable to have lessons for five months, I stopped all other work and diligently studied your exercises, with the result that my master cannot think what I have been doing to advance so much without him."

This remarkable letter from Mrs. E. Birch, of Lygon Place, Grosvenor Gardens, W., will be of considerable interest to the many readers of this paper who have wished they could play the piano or some other musical instrument, but have not been able to take lessons. It shows them that at last a book has been published which really does enable one to learn to sing or to play in one's own home without the expense and trouble of taking lessons.

First Payment 1/6 only.

This book is the 'Musical Educator," which any of our readers can obtain for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only. It provides in compact and interesting form a complete musical education, written by many of the greatest of modern authorities. To take personal lessons from them would mean paying extremely high fees, for they include such famous musicians as Paderewski, Mark Hambourg, Caruso, Clara Butt, Madame Marchesi, John Dunn, Edwin H. Lemare, Sir F. H. Cowen.

But these are only eight out of many sections of this remarkable work, and it is obvious that no reader who wishes to learn music or to improve his or her present knowledge can afford to be without the "Musical Educator," particularly when it can be obtained so easily and so cheaply. But in order that our readers may learn all about the work before actually buying it, the publishers have prepared an interesting illustrated booklet describing it in full, which they will send free of charge on receipt of the form below. It should be sent at once to avoid delay.

Two Opinions.

SIR J. FREDERICK BRIDGE (Organist at Westminster Abbey) says:—
"The 'Musical Educator' is full of useful information plainly set forth. The musical illustrations are excellent."

Mr. CHAS. J. WINYARD, Aberdeen Terrace, Tyne Dock:—
"I find it of inestimable value in the education of my children, and also of great benefit to myself. The lessons are so graded that anyone should be able to make himself efficient by their study."

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IS BALZAC A CLASSIC?

What Clement Shorter Says.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the recent announcement of an edition of that great French author, Balzac, in its complete and unexpurgated form caused a considerable stir in certain quarters.

Fortunately, however, the publication is now an accomplished fact. For though the prurient-minded may see wrong where none is meant—and Balzac certainly did write of nature as he found it—it would have been a thousand pities if the public had been deprived of this its first chance of reading Balzac as he meant to be read.

The Napoleon of Literature.

For Balzac was to literature what Napoleon was to arms—a man of giant brains who saw all life, all character, and all events as material to be turned into stories, and who did not believe that there were any events that could not be told with advantage. And so his novels have their appeal to all.

And all those who realise this will hasten to take advantage of the offer of his Best Novels in 14 volumes, specially selected by that famous Balzacian, Mr Clement Shorter, Editor of the *Sphere*.

Clement Shorter's Choice.

Cousine Bette.	The Lily of the Valley.
Cousin Pons.	The Illustrious Gaudissart.
La Duchesse de Langeais.	The Village Cure.
The House of the Cat and Racket.	The Country Doctor.
Gobseck.	The Magic Skin
Old Goriot.	The Unknown Masterpiece.
Eugenie Grandet.	

What Clement Shorter Says.

"Something has been said of the fact that the publishers advertise that their Balzac is 'unexpurgated.' This is of the utmost importance. The charge that a translator 'betrays' is justified where there is a prurient attempt to modify and alter phrases in the interests of Mrs Grundy. Nothing can justify that. When face to face with a great classic, we want the book as near as possible as the author presented it."

What "Truth" says.

"I can testify not only to the excellence of translation, but also to the charm of the type, binding, paper, and especially of the exquisite illustrations by famous French artists. I should mention also that they are absolutely unexpurgated, and are translated with fidelity, avoiding the coarseness which is so marked in the works of less skilful translators, although quite foreign to the spirit of Balzac himself. Considered in every light, I am unable to conceive a more satisfactory edition of the great novelist's work."

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"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CCLXXXII.

[In this column every week we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

A BISHOP'S NEIGHBOUR.

Lambeth Palace is one of the residences of the Bishop of London, a gentleman who, though a bachelor, finds it hard to manage upon £10,000 a year. Quite close to his Lordship's palace are slums inhabited by human beings, who, through the inhumanity of advanced civilisation, are surely becoming creatures bearing little resemblance to the Divine Image—a misery to themselves and a burden to the State. Here is one case amongst many. Huddled together in two rooms are a family of eight—man, wife, and six children. The age of the father is 35, and of the mother 31. The children are 11, 8, 5, 4, and 2 years, and a baby 5 months. The man is a bedstead-fitter, but owing to illness he lost his work. For two weeks he was under medical treatment, then he entered a convalescent home. He is now returned to his family, fit for work (so he tells us), but his place is filled by another. During his illness his wife went out charing and so kept the wolf from the door. It was not much of a "home" this man had before his illness, but now it consists of little except his own flesh and blood—for which the pawnbroker has no use. Naturally, the poor woman is heart-broken, for, although she is poor, she has a mother's feeling, and is aware that if they have to enter the workhouse she will be parted from her little ones. The man himself seems dazed. He has carried out the teachings of the Church. He married, "increased and multiplied" and now——! Well, he can't feed them, for he can't find work. Can anyone give him employment? Meanwhile any gifts of money or clothes will be gratefully appreciated.

"BUSINESS CHARITY ORGANISATION."

The following is from a poor man who, quite recently, was in a position of comparative affluence, and whom it was our privilege to assist by a grant of £3 from the JOHN BULL Football Sweepstake Charity Fund:—

> A bad speculation and a succeeding illness had ruined me, and on this, the last day of a tragic year, I was aimlessly wandering about the West End—no food, no overcoat, nothing but dreary thoughts and the cold for company. I had tried in every conceivable quarter for employment. At Christmas time work is difficult to obtain, but I had tried so long and so persistently; so, as I stood there by the Monico, and saw the shaking of hands, and heard the boisterous expressions of the Season's greetings, the contrast was bitter—very bitter—as I anticipated my entry, later in the day, into a nearly empty, fireless room, and should have again to bear that silent query as the eyes I loved were raised to mine, and suddenly dropped again as mine showed the usual, unrelieved despair. It was a nightly ordeal not any easier to bear because of its frequency. I was staggering just a little, when a gentleman hurrying to his motor dropped his JOHN BULL. I picked it up—open at "Human Documents." Here was an inspiration! I need not go further into details save that on calling at Long Acre one of the staff courteously heard all I had to say, satisfied himself, and to my astonishment helped me then and there—there's a Business Charity Organisation for you! No suggestion that you (being at death's door with hunger and cold, meditating perhaps theft to help those you love or suicide to escape it all), should starve on just a few days, or, say, a week or so longer as it appears is often the case, but help there, ready, staring you in the face! I know you, JOHN BULL, *you* behind the scenes I mean, I don't those leagued with you in your great humanity, but it cannot hurt you and them to accept the blessings of the poor devils, or fallen brethren, you have helped.

In addition to the grant of money, we were able to offer the poor fellow some temporary work, but there is still scope for the benefactions of our charitable readers.

"JOHN BULL" FOOTBALL CUP SWEEPSTAKE CHARITY FUND.

As already announced, we have allocated from this Fund, amounting to £1,500, the following sums:—

Our "Human Document" Fund	£500
London Poor Christmas Cheer	£500
Our Dumb Friends' League	£50
Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals	£50
Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children	£50
Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Hampers Fund	£50
Referee Children's Dinner Fund	£50
Reynolds's Sandwich-men Fund	£25
Surgical Aid Society	£25
Sisters of Nazareth Poor Fund, Hammersmith	£10

We have had pleasure in completing the distribution, by adding to the list the following:—

The Institute of Journalists'—Orphan Fund	£25
Caxton Convalescent Home, Limpsfield, Surrey	£25
Printers' Medical Aid and Sanatoria Association	£25
Printers' Pension, Almshouse and Orphan Asylum Corporation	£25
Lloyd Memorial (Caxton) Seaside Home	£25
Children's and Invalids' Dinner-table Soup Kitchen	£10
Church of England Central Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays	£10
Jewish Board of Guardians	£10
Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society	£10
Tress-Barry Fund for Presenting Sixpences at Christmas to Workhouse Children (per *Truth*)	£10
Truth's Toy Fund, for Distributing Dolls, etc., amongst Hospitals	£10
The Hindustani Spectacle (Earl's Court) Employees' Distress Committee	£5

We are sure that the money has been placed in the right hands for distribution in the wisest and most beneficent manner, and the £500 entrusted to our "Human Document" Fund will be a constant source of help to our "hard cases" during the year. The whole of the subscriptions reach the poor people for whom they are intended without any deduction for expenses. We may mention that during the year 1913 we were the means of distributing no less than £836 4s. 5d. amongst necessitous cases—apart altogether for donations to various Charities.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CCLXIX.—"20 per cent. of Bullet," 6d.
CCLXXIII.—J. S. (Kettering), 10s.
CCLXXVI.—E. D., parcel.
CCLXXVII.—Mrs. R., parcel.
CCLXXX.—"Oscar," (Isle of Wight), 2s. 6d.; R. H., 6d.; F. & G., 2s.; J. G., 2s. 6d.; "Tom," 2s.; G. G. (Forgandenny), 1s.; Mrs. P. W., 6d.; W. W. P., 2s.
CCLXXXI.—"Ivy Mary," 2s. 6d.; J. K. K., 2s. 6d.; "Ladysmith," 3d.; W. C., 5s.; "Dak Walla," 2s. 6d.; Miss B. H., 2s.; The Employees of Messrs. R. D. and Sons, 2s. 6d.; "Old Cestrian," 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Tom," 2s.; "A Small Sacrifice," 6d.; A. E. L., 10s.

Mr. H. Dixon, the winner of the £500 prize in our 64th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly forwarded us £5, which we have allotted as follows:—CCXXXIV., £1; CCLXV., £2; and CCLXVII., £2.

We have this week apportioned £10 from the JOHN BULL Football Cup Sweepstake Charity Fund, as follows:—CCLXXVIII., 50s.; CCLXXIX., 50s.; CCLXXX., 50s.; £2 to the stage carpenter whose case we referred to in our last issue, and 10s. to a poor deaf and dumb man, who was in great difficulties.

We have also apportioned £10 from the JOHN BULL Derby Sweepstake Charity Fund, as follows:—CCLXXXI., £5; £2 to the poor man whose case we referred to in our issue of the 3rd inst., under the heading of "Phantom Favours"; and £3 to the subject of the paragraph on this page under the heading of "Business Charity Organisation."

"Fivebob" sends us 5s. for the little paralysed girl of sixteen whose lines, expressing her wish to see a turkey "flip, flap, flop," we published in a recent issue. We have had much pleasure in forwarding the kind gift—on publication of the paragraph we sent her a similar amount, so it should have been possible for her longing to be gratified.

New Mammoth Football Prizes—£5 a Week for Life or £2,500, £1,000, £500 and £50. See page 27.

When a man sets out to buy Furniture—

10% Additional Discount for Cash.

he knows what he wants. If he buys an armchair, he must be comfortable. If he buys a bureau, it must be a real convenience when he wants to write. He prefers carpets and rugs which will stand hard wear, tables and chairs which are made to be used.

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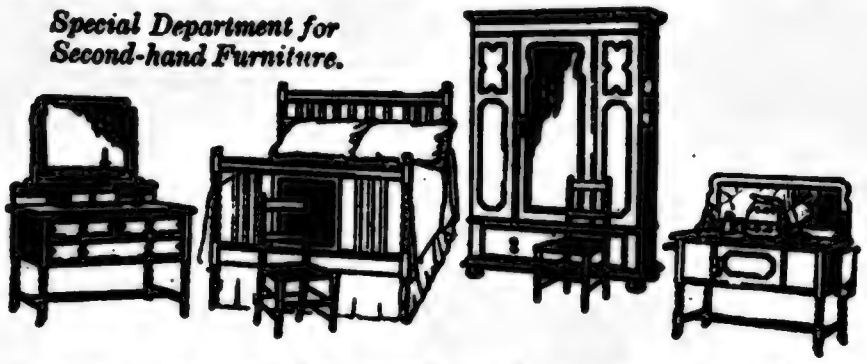

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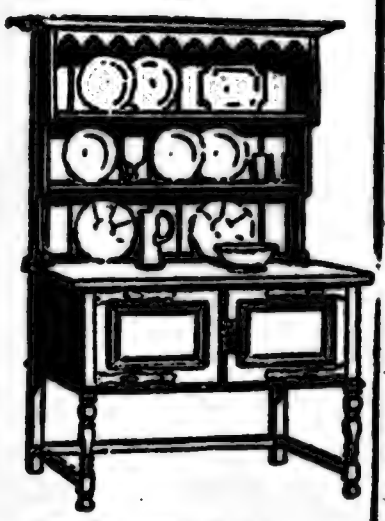

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Birmingham.

DEAR MR. CHAMBERLAIN,—Permit me, on behalf of my readers and myself, to tender you a respectful and affectionate farewell on your formal retirement from public life. As I write, the words you spoke in my presence forty years ago—"The ambition of my life is realised—*I am Mayor of Birmingham*"—are ringing in my ears. I turn, too, to an old newspaper cutting announcing your election to the first Birmingham School Board, and find you described simply as "Chamberlain, J.—Unitarian." And then, as my mind travels the long and rough road which you have journeyed since, and I recall your wonderful rise, your triumphs and your disappointments, I come, at length, to that morning when the flower-bedecked engine steamed into Waterloo station, bringing you home from that historic visit to the lonely veldt which those who know you best say transformed your nature. Soon, I am brought again to those all too short weeks in which I sat with you in the Commons, when you led the Opposition prior to the return of Mr. Balfour to the House. I have no volume of *Hansard* by me, but how well I remember your quiet assurance, one day, when taunted with the attenuated character of the benches behind you—"Never mind; we can wait; we are not dismayed; *we shall come back.*" And after that—"all is silence." The pathos—the tragedy of it! And all these last seven years you refused to give in! But now the hour has come. Worthy warrior—may the evening sun shine warmly on you.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. John Burns, M.P., President, Local Government Board.

DEAR JOHN,—I like the note of your recently published Orders for the better government of Poor Law institutions. Much will doubtless depend on the manner of their administration, but they seem to have been framed with a sincere regard to the comfort and well-being of the poor within your gates. In particular, I welcome your resolve to end the unnatural and often cruel separation of aged married couples who may chance to stumble upon misfortune in the evening of their days. At the same time, you announce certain dietary concessions which, while trivial in themselves, afford a pleasing indication of growing liberality in Poor Law administration. All of which is excellent, John.

JOHN BULL.

To the Justices of the Peace, Ormskirk, Lancashire.

SIRS,—A Liverpool timber merchant was recently charged before you with having been drunk while attempting to drive a motor car. The drunkenness was certified by a doctor, while a constable swore that the man had been guilty of great violence and had strenuously resisted the intervention of the police. Upon this evidence you saw fit to impose a fine of forty shillings and costs, which was promptly paid. I have no wish to labour the matter, but with great respect I would submit two simple questions for your Worships' consideration. First, would you have displayed similar leniency had the culprit been a taxi-cab driver, humbly plying for hire, instead of a prosperous City merchant on pleasure bent? If so, or if not, do you regard the imposition of a trumpery fine as a meet punishment for an offence involving wanton disregard of public safety, and coupled in this instance with every circumstance of aggravation?

JOHN BULL

To Mr. Barnet Kenyon, M.P., Chesterfield Division, Derbyshire.

DEAR LEGISLATOR,—I am awfully sorry to hear that a little hitch has arisen in reference to your expenses at the recent bye-election. Although you were, of course, a "*bona fide* working man," the Miners' Federation of Great Britain have apparently declined to foot the bill, a decision doubtless due to pressure from the Labour "leaders," who are mightily wroth with you for your espousal of the Liberal cause. I am, of course, a child in these matters, but I cannot for the life of me see how you can expect a Labour organisation to pay the costs of a "campaign" run on the Liberal ticket.

JOHN BULL.

To Frederick William, Crown Prince of Germany, Berlin.

MINE TEAR POY,—Here you vhas in droubles vonce more. Vy you not schut up yourselluf, eh? Dis Zabbern affair, mit der Colonel von Reuter und his leedtle boy soldiers on der von zide, und der Alastians mitout no guns or sabres on der oder—vhat vor you vant to send off der "Bravo" telegram to der Colonel? Your vahder done dat fool ting shust der zame mit Kruger. He kno petter since he vhas oldter, I can dell you. You vhas alvay putting der foot in it, you vhas, Prince. Dey haff a debate in der Reichstag, und you ko as if it vhas a pantomime at a tearter und clap your handts vhen der shpeakers say tings some ugly aboudt me I zomeda kick dem vor. Not ver long it vhas dat your pore ole fader send you vrom your rechiment at Dantzic vor dot you make der fool speeches aboudt der politics. Mit der last ticks ov der glock vat you do? You put dot nose ob yours into der Brunswick succession und sdir up droubles vor your broder-in-law und der Ministers. Now vhat I gader vrom der telgram to der von Reuter is dot you pelieve dot every little poy mit a sabre in charge of some men mit guns dey have der divine richt to shoot or belabour down all der civilians mitout no gun if dey haff der jeck to laugh up der sleeve vhen dey feel all tickle. *Sie sind sehr zu tadeln, und Ich schame mich Ihrer*; diss vas zome ov der Scherman dat only I to schpeak learn, und I zay more to you eef you nodt more careful vhas. Mine eye on you all der dimes vhas like it vhas on oders. You not vorget, eh?

JOHN BULL.

To Robert Mond, Esq., Combe Bank, Sevenoaks.

LEARNED SIR,—Whatever next? Whereas we have had it dinned into our ears for more than a generation that milk fresh from the cow is rife with tubercular peril, and that only by boiling or sterilising it may we hope to avert the grim onslaught of horrid germs, you now assert a directly contrary theory, and hold that to adopt any such "precaution" is to court disaster and death. Far be it from me to question your eminent judgment or to imply the least doubt of your scientific wisdom. I can only hold my breath in silent wonder as I witness your swift and smashing demolition of time-honoured hygienic theory. Of course I know that you scientific men have a way of contradicting each other—which is as charming as it is impolite—and I am far from supposing that the last word on the subject has yet been spoken. Be this as it may, you, at any rate, have the courage of your new found convictions. I gather that your whole household is regularly fed from the milk of a tuberculous cow, and that one and all they thrive thereon, thus triumphantly vindicating your startling theory. But the lay mind is horribly sceptical, and I am fain to admit that were I honoured by your hospitality I would prefer beer.

JOHN BULL.

To Bernard Gilbert, Esq., Honorary Secretary, Farmers' Union.

DEAR HUSBANDMAN,—*Isn't* Party Politics a rotten game? Glance for a moment at the position of your Union, and you will see exactly what I mean. Convinced that only by "Tariff Reform" can the golden age of agriculture be restored, your members have, for the most part, rendered unfaltering allegiance to the Tory Party. Their devotion has been rewarded by the exclusion of agriculture from the immediate purview of the Tariff scheme, in deference to the fears of the industrial classes. Vexed and disappointed at this turn of events, you have sought to enlist public sympathy through the medium of the Party press, only to run your head against a solid boycott by the principal Conservative organs. Thus harassed to the point of despair, you have turned to the Radical journals, which have printed your protests *in extenso*, not from any sense of fairness, but rather that they may the more effectually "pull your leg" in their editorial columns. Surely the moral is clear. Both Parties are trifling with interests which you properly regard as vital to yourselves and to the nation. A Business Government would make up its mind once and for all as to the justice of your demands, and then give you a candid answer couched in honest terms. I sympathise profoundly with your present disgust. Why not cry, a plague on both their Houses—and join the League?

JOHN BULL.

Enormous Increase. Nearly 2,000 EXTRA "Bullets" CASH Prizes this week and every week. P. 32.

BOTH FIES. A FINGER IN

A FINGER IN BOTH PIES.

LLOYD GEORGE: "Bit 'overdone,' isn't it, Winston?"
WINSTON: "You're 'overdoing' it, anyway. Keep to your own pie and don't stick your finger into mine!"

POLITICAL PATTER.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

(*Sings*) All the Rads don't
Love a sailor.
All the Labs don't
Love a tar;
For there's something
About a sailor—
Well, *you* know what sailors are!
Free and easy,
Bright and breezy,
All a man, and
Half a boy:
But in Parliament, you'll find,
Tars don't fear to speak their mind;—
Ship ahoy!—Ship ahoy!

And here's one who's going to speak his mind when Parliament reopens. But I can tell you, me lads, there's thick weather ahead. The glass is going down with a run, and we've got to shorten canvas, batten down the hatches, and fix the riddles. Otherwise the ship of State looks like turning turtle. You know what I mean. I've been pretty quiet lately, but I've had my weather eye open, and I've been taking observations. Not only that, but I've been cruising around with my lights masked, doing a bit of scout work on my own responsibility; and I can tell you there's a rascally crew of pirates waiting their opportunity to hit us below the waterline. (*A voice:* Germany!) No; not Germany. *They're* open and honourable enemies. We can deal with them when the time comes. I'm talking about a horde of dastardly pirates, dirty, traitorous renegades, who're plotting to cripple his Majesty's Navy. (*Groans.*) And I'll tell you who their skipper is—Lloyd George! Cap'n Lloyd George, commanding as dirty a crew as ever fouled themselves with pitch. (*Cries of* Names!) I can give you their names right enough—at least, some of them. The full list is as long as a jib-boom. What do you say to William Clough, M.P., the Skipton Beauty, for a start—the woman puncher—the Member who refuses to answer the questions of constituents who did not vote for him! (*Groans and hisses.*) He's one of the company, boys—one of the cowardly crew of the goody-goody ship *Reduction of Armaments*, launched from the yard of the National Peace Council. Then there's the Rev. Silvester Horne, the sky-pilot, rated as ship's chaplain, I suppose; whose duty it will be to ask a blessing on the proceedings of the National Suicide Club before going into action. I can't give you the full ship's company, but I can tell you this—they're all drawing £400 a year of *your money*, and in return they've pledged themselves to cripple your navy and thereby endanger your national existence. Thomas Lough is another—Islington's Infliction, M.P. Then there's S. L. Hughes, "Sub Rosa," who ought to know better; and about a score of Welshmen—David Davies, Leif Jones, and other rare-bits. But you leave it to me. I'll let 'em have it when Parliament opens, and I'll lay you a marlin-spike to a binnacle lamp that when I once get properly started—

All the Rads won't love this sailor,
All the Labs won't love this tar,
For there's something about a sailor—
Well, *you* know what sailors are!
They'll grow greasy, and uneasy,
To a man—I'll tell you why:
When I'm "up" you'll quickly find
I shall tell the "scabs" my mind—
Ship ahoy!—Ship ahoy!

OUR CRANK'S CORNER.

Once a curate was passing along a street where several British workmen were engaged in repairing the roadway. He did not notice a bucket of tar in his way until he stepped into it. Being unable to swear like an ordinary person, he turned to the workmen with a benign smile, and remarked, "Dab and plaster your muddy bucket of pitch." And, so saying, he went on his way rejoicing.

Moral: A soft objurgation breaketh no bones.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Could you let me know at your earliest convenience of a *reliable* and *genuine* money lending firm, who do business in a straightforward manner. And would pay me a commission on business I could now introduce to them. But they must be a respectable firm."

* * *

"Would you be so kind as to let me know which in your opinion 'sways' the more, a motor omnibus or a London tramway car? I wish to know this owing to having argued with a friend on the point I think you will agree with me when I say that the '*bus* hardly sways at all. I should not have troubled you but we mutually agreed to write to your paper owing to its being the best for deciding such matters as these, and also owing to its size."

* * *

"To one of The Grandest and straightest of Man:—Death Blow To The Govement, National and Unionist A Properious and Happy New Year's 1914 record. The Priemers Private Saying (which I have solved for Him (WAIT AND SEE) Honered Man This is a wonderingly Finished 'Skeme' To Your Governmant Business, I hand over to you, My Friend And The Hand of God is spead Over The National To Day I am, too ill to carry It through, so I Leave it to you.

"My Sonnie Is 22 To Day, and I Think The Shock will Finish Him. He is not my Bright Laddie.

"Now to Business. The First Sceme—Thought Business A Goverment Everyone To Be well Cloth and Fed, Men's to be Less (Tarfiff) Reform Wages Pd by Government All Public Houses To Be Cloosed. Alc take round undulated To save vice to The young. The National To Be The Grandest and Nobelest In The World, I have tried to work on all The Acts (Principal ones) A Place of a Measurement Every Saturday, Men, Wives a & Children (Children) Afternoons. A Hair The Brain Of 12 Pleople, Tremendious Reader."

* * *

"(i) I have recently been told in course of conversation that the cells of the heart of the lily are the only cells in nature which are similar to human cells. Is this correct? or should the statement be modified by the qualification 'in plant life'? (ii) I have also been told that the drum of the ear can be pierced without producing permanent deafness, and that the hole so made can be repaired by the operation of nature, and the drum become stronger than ever? Is this right?"

OUR (MAD) POET'S CORNER.

UP TO DATE.

["*Fickle Fashion is now threatening to afflict men with slit trousers, after the style of the slit skirt so prevalent.*"—"*Daily News.*"]

Dear JOHN,
W'en lately on the tramp
In Surrey, Dorkin' way,
I 'ad a narsty touch o' cramp
Under a stack of 'ay;
It might 'ave bin the beer I got
At Epsom—rotten booze!
And, strange to say, right on the spot
I found a *Daily Noos!*

I read a bit, to ease me pain,
And somethink there I saw
'As made me kinder sorter vain,
W'ich I ain't felt afore;
It sed as 'ow the time drores nigh
W'en "nuts," 'oo're reckon'd "It,"
Wiv stylish wimminfolk will vie
An' wear their trarsers slit!

"Wot O!" I cried, "that's me, fer blood!
This is a fair ole treat!
For ain't me trarsers *a lar mud?*
They're split acrors the seat!"
I use ter try to 'ide me rear,
But now I'm in the swim
I'll not do that no more—no fear!
Yores truly, GRITTY JIM.

A Life Pension Prize of £5 a Week for Life for Football Skill. See page 27.

EASY CHAIR as illustrated, upholstered in any colour art tapestry. Well sprung and excellently made throughout.

£2-15-0

As an inducement for you to personally visit this Sale, and as practical evidence of the value to be obtained we are offering every purchaser

A SPECIAL DISCOUNT OF 15 per cent. ON ALL CASH ORDERS.

This means that every article of furniture in our galleries is obtainable at what may be truly termed the factory price.

BUFFET SIDEBOARD in Oak or Mahogany, fitted with Convex Mirror at back, two drawers and two cupboards.

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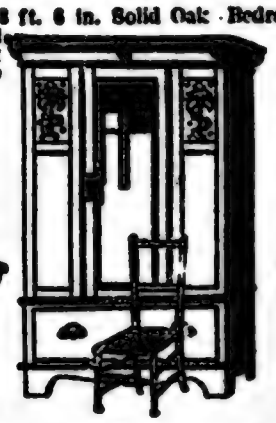
A beautifully designed 3 ft. 6 in. Solid Oak Bedroom Suite, comprising large Wardrobe with bevelled glass door, large Dressing Table, Washstand and two Chairs. **£8 18s.**



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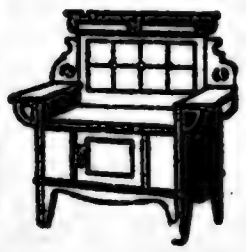

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AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

MR. HANDEL BOOTH, M.P.

I met Mr. Handel Booth at the railway station on his return from Dublin. He was looking somewhat crest-fallen, I thought, and glanced furtively at the loungers about the station as if expecting, yet fearing, to detect grins of amusement and sneers of ridicule on their faces.

When he emerged from his compartment I took his arm.

"You've had a trying experience in Dublin and a long and tiring journey. Come and have a drink."

Mr. Booth searched my face suspiciously. I kept it straight. He appeared satisfied with this scrutiny.

"Come along, then," he said hurriedly. "Let's get away from this crowd. Who's that grinning idiot looking this way?" he muttered, with a nervous scowl.

"I don't suppose he's smiling at you. Your face is not so familiar as you appear to imagine. He has probably just won a 'Bullet' prize or something of that sort."

Soothing him in this manner, I led him to the buffet, where our needs were supplied by a smiling barmaid. Mr. Booth resented her friendly expression.

"Are you grinning at me, young woman?" he snapped.

Instantly the girl's face underwent a miraculous change, becoming the quintessence of supercilious scorn.

"What is the matter with your friend?" she asked me.

"Don't take any notice," I replied, confidentially. "He's had a nasty shock."

"Thought he must have had something," she retorted, with a hard laugh, and turned scornfully away.

"What the devil did you mean by saying I had had a nasty shock?" demanded Mr. Booth.

"Why, so you have, have you not? You thought you were somebody of importance when you went to Dublin to attend the Riot Commission. You discovered your mistake. To be violently disillusioned is always a shock."

Mr. Booth drank bitterly.

"You thought you could carry things off as you did at the Marconi Inquiry, but you found a different atmosphere in Dublin. Mr. Handel Booth may be a little tin god to a certain section of Radical extremists, but in Dublin he is very small potatoes."

"I am a British citizen," Mr. Booth commenced to bluster.

"So you said at Dublin," I remarked. "But you appeared to forget that the men you were trying to bully were British citizens also. Besides, you were foolish, childish, feminine in the mode of your attack. What, for instance, possessed you to fling the statement that he was paid by the Government at Mr. Powell's head, as if it were something to his discredit?"

Mr. Booth tugged at his moustache.

"You probably forget that you yourself are paid £400 a year by the Government for—doing nothing," I said.

"Look here," said Mr. Booth, thrusting back his chair, "when you asked me to come and have a drink, I thought you were a friend."

"So I am," I returned. "A candid friend. I can see what you are suffering from, and want to check the progress of the disease. It is swelled head. You pushed yourself into the limelight at the time of the Marconi Inquiry; so now, I suppose, you rather fancy yourself. Take my advice—don't. You have no grounds for it. I won't go so far as Mr. Powell and call you a blackguard. But I will say you are no politician. So don't be silly. Don't monopolise a seat in the House of Commons that could be filled to greater advantage by a better man. Go back to cotton spinning. It is, I should imagine, a soothing occupation."

My words did not appear to have that effect, however. Mr. Booth's face was a study—a post-impressionist study.

"Have another," I said, a little concerned for his health. "Try some Dublin stout."

* * *

It was, perhaps, a little thoughtless of me to use the word Dublin. But one cannot for ever be on one's guard.

Don't Forget the Pen Coupon. See page iii. of cover.

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ITS GREAT REPUTATION HAS BEEN BUILT UP BY ITS UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.

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Drive out your pains and aches; get back your strength; regain your health and happiness with Nature's own remedy.

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Send for the book to-day, entitled "Electricity, the Road to Health," which explains to you how you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home without drugs or medicine.

IT IS FREE

You certainly value your health, so do not delay another minute; just sit down at once and write now. A post-card suffices, and immediately this book will be sent you, free, in close sealed envelope.

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CURTAIN RAISERS.

KIKUYU.

SCENE: *A native kraal in Uganda.* UMSLOPAGAAS (*any old name will do*), *chief of the tribe, discovered seated outside.*

Enter ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONARY.

R.C. MISSIONARY: Hail, Chief!

UMSLOPAGAAS: Hallo, white man! What you want?

R.C. MISSIONARY: I am come to preach to you the Gospel and to save your soul from everlasting damnation.

UMSLOPAGAAS: How you know my soul am sinful and fit for damnation all the time?

R.C. MISSIONARY: You are a heathen, therefore you are damned to all eternity. But I can save you. All you have to do is to acknowledge that the Pope is God's official representative on earth, confess all your sins to me privately, put away thirty-eight of your thirty-nine wives, and I will baptise you and make you a member of the Roman Catholic Church—the old, original Christian Faith. None other is genuine. Refuse all inferior imitations.

UMSLOPAGAAS: Put away thirty-eight of my wives, did you say?—Urgh! I will think about it. Come again some day. [*Exit* R.C. MISSIONARY.]

Enter EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY.

E. MISSIONARY: How do you do, Chief? I thought I would just drop in as I was passing, to see what you are going to do about that wicked soul of yours.

UMSLOPAGAAS: That's all right. I shall be good Roman Catholic pretty soon.

E. MISSIONARY: What? Roman Catholic! Beware, lest you endanger your immortal soul! Have no dealings with the Scarlet Woman of Babylon! No Pope, no auricular confession to a priest, no so-called absolution of your sins by a mortal as sinful as yourself, can save you from the wrath to come. Seek salvation through the Evangelical Church—the one pure Christian Faith, founded upon the Gospel.

UMSLOPAGAAS: Urgh!—All right. I will think about it. Come again some day. [*Exit* EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY.

Enter BAPTIST MISSIONARY.

B. MISSIONARY: Well, Chief, don't you think it is high time you became a respectable Christian?

UMSLOPAGAAS: That's all right. I shall be respectable Christian pretty soon. A Roman Catholic priest and an Evangelical parson been here this morning to show me the way.

B. MISSIONARY: Heed them not! Neither has the root of the matter in him. The first is an emissary of the Pope, and teaches the idolatrous belief in transubstantiation. The second considers affusion to be as efficacious as immersion in the making of a Christian. If you wish to be saved you must join my Church, and submit to baptism—total submersion in some convenient receptacle.

[*Exit* BAPTIST MISSIONARY.]

Enter SALVATION ARMY MISSIONARY.

S.A. MISSIONARY: Friend, are you saved?

UMSLOPAGAAS: This man's saved right enough.

S.A. MISSIONARY: Tell me the story of your conversion.

UMSLOPAGAAS: Well, there have been three missionaries here, each telling me a different way of getting saved. One was a Roman Catholic, the second was an Evangelical, and the third a Baptist. So I am going to think it over.

S.A. MISSIONARY: They are broken reeds. If you lean on them you are lost. Only one thing can save you—you must be convicted of sin, plunge into the Fountain of Blood, and come out white as snow. Hallelujah!

UMSLOPAGAAS: All right. I'll think it over. Come again some day. [*Exit* SALVATION ARMY MISSIONARY.]

Enter EPISCOPALIAN MISSIONARY.

EPIS. MISSIONARY: Greeting, Chief! I think it is time, seeing Uganda is a British Protectorate, that you became a member of the Established Church—the Authoritative Christian Church, founded on Apostolic Succession——

UMSLOPAGAAS: One moment, please. You are the fifth Christian missionary to call on me this morning, each claiming sole authority for his particular church. May I ask whether, like the rest, you would require me to put away thirty-eight of my thirty-nine wives?

EPIS. MISSIONARY: Certainly. We only allow one wife.

UMSLOPAGAAS: Then I will continue a Mohammedan *until you Christians agree amongst yourselves.* Good day!

THE WESTMINSTER WONDER ZOO.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

Preparations are being rapidly advanced at the big building at Westminster, adjoining the Abbey, where, some time in February, Mr. Speaker's Wonder Zoo and Big Circus will throw open its doors to eager sight-seers, whose appetite for similar shows has been whetted by the highly successful but less important entertainment now running at Olympia.

We shall not be abusing any confidence when we say that Mr. Speaker is arranging to bring together one of the most remarkable collections of animals and circus performers ever yet seen in any building at one time.

The principal attractions will include a herd of hacks numbering several hundreds, trained to perfection, and acting with prompt—indeed, almost mechanical—obedience to the slightest movement of their trainer's whip. These equine performers have been educated with such marvellous success that they will march, according to the word of command, to the Noes-bag or the Aye-rack, or, upon catching the ring-master's eye, rear up and neigh until exhausted or commanded to desist.

Ferocious animals from Ireland; quieter and more subtle, but equally vicious, beasts from Wales; as well as Scottish bears, will occupy important places in the Westminster Wonder Zoo. To them will be added a collection of domesticated English *fauna* from the various counties, and semi-wild creatures that inhabit burrows throughout the country.

The enormous costliness of this unparalleled show may be judged from the fact that, apart from the expense of procuring the exhibits, none of which cost less than several hundred pounds, and a great many much more, their keep involves, in the case of some 600 of them, an expenditure of £400 a year per head; whilst sums ranging from £2,000 to £5,000 per annum are spent on each of the lions. Whether the animals are worth this great expense the public must themselves judge.

None of the animals has yet reached Westminster Indeed, at the present moment the collection is widely scattered (if one may use a seeming contradiction in terms). The lions are even now roaring in different parts of the country or refreshing themselves at various southern water-holes; and the bulk of the collection, *i.e.*, the hacks are kicking their heels in sundry pastures.

Prices of admission, hours of performance, etc., will be announced later. Meanwhile we urge our readers, young and old, not on any account to miss Mr. Speaker's Westminster Wonder Zoo and Big Circus.

Book early.

OUR "BULLETS" JUDGING.

A TRIBUTE TO THE THOROUGHNESS OF OUR SYSTEM.

We frequently reproduce letters of appreciation from "Bullets" competitors who have called at our office and witnessed the system of judging. The following letter, which we have permission to reproduce, is typical of many which reach us—evidencing the great care with which *every coupon* is scrutinised by our judges:—

The Old Rectory,
West Walton, Wisbech.
January 4th, 1914.

DEAR SIR,—I just want to say that any admiration I may have had before for the way in which "Bullets" are judged has during the past week vastly increased.

I entered for "Bullets No. 64," and sent (as I thought) *four* efforts and a postal order for 1s.; and then began to wait for the postman! He came; but, to my surprise I found that besides having only sent up *two* efforts instead of four, I had also broken *Rule* 3, and omitted to put the number of the postal order on the coupon.

The Competition Editor not only pointed my error out most kindly, but *also* sent me back a 6d. P.O.

Well, *if* anyone still doubts, Sir, whether or no each coupon receives individual attention in "Bullets" competitions, I hope you will send him or her this small testimonial—badly enough expressed, I fear—but not the less sincere for that.

With cordial good wishes for 1914.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, HENRY S. IRWIN

Our Football Competition Dept. is now under the control of "McW.," the well-known Football writer.

TIZ" for Aching, ore, Tired Feet

IZ is grand for puffed-up, tender, erspiring feet and burning corns.

ople who are forced to stand on their feet all day know what sore, tender, perspiring burning feet mean. They use TIZ, and TIZ cures their feet right away. It keeps feet in perfect condition. TIZ is the only remedy in the world that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet and cause them to be sore, tired, aching feet. It instantly stops the pain in corns, hard skin, callouses, bunions. It's simply glorious. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel after using TIZ. You'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't pinch and hurt your feet.

Get a 1/6 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/6.

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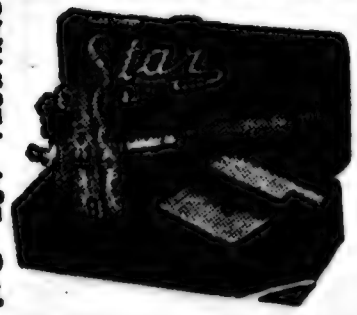
The 'STAR BLADE' is the result of 30 years' experience and research. The life of a safety razor blade is a point to be considered.



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2/6 PACKAGES FREE TO PROVE IT.

SARGOL MAKES YOU PLUMP, STRONG, AND HAPPY.

Thin persons, particularly those from ten to thirty pounds under weight, will be interested to learn of a marvellous discovery which puts on flesh at the rate of a pound a day in many instances, rounds out the figure, and makes thin folks fatten up even if they have been scraggy for years.

Don't shut your eyes and say "Impossible!" Put this new treatment to the test. The test is free (see coupon below), and surely the test will tell? It is not necessary that you should remain skinny and under weight for the rest of your life, even if you have vainly tried every "fattener" you ever heard of.

This new discovery calls for no drastic dieting, no detention from business. You go about as usual, eat what you like. It is harmless to the most delicate system, and contains no oils, emulsions, nor alcohol. Just a concentrated tablet which can be taken privately. Your nearest friends need not know what you are doing until you astonish them with a visible and pleasing increase in weight.

Excessive thinness is very mortifying. Thin men never look like "real money." They are pushed aside in the race for success. Bony women are seldom very popular. Dress will not hide skin and bones. All men admire fine figures. Take Sargol and get out of the feather-weight class.

Post the Coupon to-day. Send your name and full address to the Sargol Co. (Dept. 1496), Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C. They will send at once the 2s. 6d. package of Sargol, and will write and show you why you have remained thin, and how Sargol puts on firm flesh in a natural way. There is no longer any necessity for you to remain skinny and ill-developed.

FREE COUPON.

This Certificate entitles the holder to one 2s. 6d. package of Sargol, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

Please enclose 3d. in stamps to help pay distribution expenses.

THE SARGOL CO. (Dept. 1496).

Carlton House, Great Queen Street, LONDON, W.C.

Sargol is also sold and recommended by such high-class stores as Harrod's, Selfridge's, Wm. Whiteley's, Spiers and Pond's, Army and Navy Stores, Gamage, Ltd., Boots Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis and Burroughs, Ily. Hodder, Timothy White & Co., Ltd., and other reliable stores.

GREY HAIR.

A Simple Harmless Method which causes Grey Hair to vanish like magic No "staining" the hair by dye concoctions, but the pigmentary cells become revitalised, and produce fresh colour the same shade as in earlier years This is the one Genuine Prescription that restores the colour by a natural process. The remedy is harmless, and will help develop a strong and beautiful growth of hair A special

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

of charge can be had at the address below, or the same will be sent in a plain sealed package on receipt of two penny stamps for postage, etc. Address—Mrs. Mary E. Chapman, Suite 271, 3 Mortimer St., Regent St., London.

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—

Will it soon be the "Tan-gone" dance?

Won't the Navy be "cut up" if it is "cut down"?

Didn't Mr. Powell, K.C., know how to Handel Booth?

Have you bought that Postal Order yet? See page 32.

Aren't they saying "It's Zaberning shame" in Alsace?

Is "Kicky you" how the High Church party pronounce it?

Isn't the Indian spectacle at Earl's Court a very sorry one?

Isn't the National Theatre Scheme in "money-tarry" difficulties?

Does "Change in the War Office" mean better value for our money?

Are things looking so black in the Cabinet that "whitewash" is necessary?

Does the Poet Laureate know what some workmen really call their machines?

Won't the Crown Prince of Germany find that a wire doesn't always "save trouble."

Has the suffragette's decision to interview no more Ministers caused grief in Downing Street?

* * *

Poverty may be no crime, but the punishment for it is usually hard labour.

* * *

The Last won a race at Gatwick. As it is written, "The Last shall be first."

* * *

"Castor Oil for Motors," reads a headline. Well, if that won't move them, what will?

* * *

"Most consciences are like flags," says a contemporary. Yes, they are easily "waived."

* * *

The Rev. J. M. C. Crum has written a play. We hope the plot is not of the "crusted" variety.

* * *

A morning paper alludes to "The Lions of Zabern." But they've made asses of themselves!

* * *

A New York doctor left £250 each to six of his old patients. They got a bit of their own back.

* * *

A woman has looped the loop. We thought it wouldn't be long before the fair sex had its turn.

* * *

A French politician says England is becoming Welsh. We should have put it, "getting Welshed."

* * *

A New York man advertised for an ugly wife and received an answer. We will bet that she *was* ugly too.

* * *

Lloyd George denies that he spoke of "newly shorn lambs." The statement is, in fact, "shear" nonsense.

* * *

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt thinks that young people nowadays have too many liberties. Yes, they take them.

* * *

"A wife is the last person in the world a man thinks of taking out," says a writer. It depends whose wife it is.

* * *

"After the Girl," is the name of the new Gaiety piece. And the boys "in front" would rather get "behind."

* * *

Some of the papers are asking, "Is the Tango Immoral?" It looks as though the public are getting tired of it.

* * *

Louis de Rougemont threatens to explore the Antarctic. He and Cook should put their heads—and "tales"—together.

* * *

"The Soul of a Suffragette" has just been published. We did not know she possessed one, though we cannot deny her "spirit."

* * *

"Running Bear," an Indian child born at the World's Fair, has been christened. Considering the weather, we hope he isn't.

* * *

The statement that some new species of gulls had been seen on the Embankment caused quite a flutter of hope in the City.

* * *

The man who got three years for stealing a coat won't want it now; the authorities have made things warm enough for him.

* * *

Three veterans who fought in the Crimea and Mutiny are in the Newington Infirmary. No wonder the Army cannot get recruits!

* * *

Burglars who robbed a Presbyterian church stole a parcel of sermons. Probably the first time they have been taken seriously.

Printer's Pie.

(THE WORK OF THE "DEVIL.")

THE BRISTOL STEAM OVEN WORKS, FISHPONDS, BRISTOL (advertising in the *British Baker*):—

"Bakers REQUIRING OVENS WILL DO SO IF THEY WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE."

"DAWLISH GAZETTE":—

"The OLD CUSTOM of RINGING OUT THE NEW YEAR was duly observed by the Parish Church ringers."

"PARISH MAGAZINE (HORSHAM)":—

"Tears came into the boy's eyes, but he THRUST HIS HANDS DEEP INTO HIS KNICKERBOCKER POCKETS and tried to whistle, as he PICKED UP his cap."

"CAMBRIDGE DAILY NEWS":—

"Deceased, who was 58 years of age, was for UPWARDS OF A CENTURY the headmistress of the Infants' School at Haverhill."

THE "HOME COMPANION":—

"She was a pretty girl, Rose Kennedy, with FAIR fluffy hair, and china blue eyes . . . Agatha's hair was coppery gold, whilst ROSE'S WAS DARK."

"GOOD HEALTH":—

"*Childless Mothers.* Mr. Burns told his audience that there were altogether too many childless mothers . . . . He encouraged the MOTHERLESS WOMEN to adopt poor-law children."

THE "EVENING NEWS" (WATERFORD):—

"At the meeting of the No. 1 District Council to-day it was unanimously decided to PREVENT an address to Mr. John E Redmond."

THE "MOTOR":—

"In SUMMER the sides of a rut will crumble when hardened by FROST."

"ISLE OF WIGHT GUARDIAN":—

"Gooseberries at EASTER. Mr. G. Reason, of Rose Hill, Freshwater Bay, picked a plate of gooseberries, the size of small nuts, a few days BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING PRESS" report:—

"It was so DARK that I could not HEAR what he was saying."

"TRIBUNE":—

"To have looked at the beaming countenances of the children it was a splendid ANTIDOTE for anyone TROUBLED with an OPTIMISTIC SPIRIT."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—

"Lost, in Middlesbro', Bag containing gold: owner a complete cripple depends on the LOSS for a living: reward. Apply, 24 Wilton Street, Middlesbro'."

GLUBYAK CORN PAINT LABEL:—

"About the 5th night soak the feet and REMOVE THEM."

"DENBIGHSHIRE FREE PRESS":—

"Robert Jones Roberts, Family Butcher, begs to announce that he HAS COMMENCED business as Family Butcher NEXT WEEK."

"DAILY MAIL" heading:—

"London League Clubs DO WELL. Two players' LEGS BROKEN."

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY (advertising in the *Daily Province*, Vancouver):—

"We give also CORRECT WEIGHT. A POUND of groceries here weighs 15 ounces, and this applies also to butter and sugar as well as to tea and coffee."

LIVENS AND CO., IRONMONGERS (advertising in the *Daily Mail*, dated January 2nd):—

"During DECEMBER ONLY we offer 'The Harvey Junior Vacuum Cleaner' complete for 47s. 6d."

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same blunder, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Printer's Pie," in the left-hand top corner.

Nearly 2,000 MORE "Bullets" CASH Prizes every week. Our New Offer. See page 32.

SECOND ROUND CONTEST. 2 WEEKS ONLY.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £2,500 IN CASH AT THE OPTION OF THE WINNER

£1,000 IF ONE ERROR ONLY.

NO FEES. NO GOALS.

£50 FOR MAUVE COUPON.

£500 FOR THE NEXT BEST FORECAST.

THIS week we commence a Great Second Round Football Cup Tie Contest with a cash prize offer which puts all previous records in the shade. It will be a two weeks' contest only, the 21 matches selected (comprising the Second Round Cup Ties and League Games given on the Coupon), being played on Saturday, January 31st. Don't delay your entries. Make use of this week's Coupon and take advantage of this opportunity of making yourself independent for life. There are no fees to pay, and no goals are required—simply guess and draws. The contest closes Friday, January 30th.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the Second Round Cup Ties and League games to be played on Saturday, January 31st, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Before making your forecasts read carefully the new method of marking the coupon explained below.

NEW WAY OF MARKING THE ENTRANCE FORM,

which we have adopted to further safeguard the interests of our competitors

On the left-hand side of the Entrance Form will be found 3 columns headed respectively, "Home," "Away," and "Draw." When forecasting the results of the matches, if you predict the Home team will win—simply put in ink a **X** in the space provided in the Home column; if you predict the Away team to win—put a **X** in the Away column; if you forecast a "Draw," put a **X** in the Draw column. The teams given in column I. will remain the "Home" teams even if some sell choice of ground.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £2,500 IN CASH.

A Pension Prize of **£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE!** or the huge sum of **£2,500**, at the option of the winner, will be paid to the competitor sending us an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given which are played to a finish.

Matches not completed will be regarded as draws.

Should it happen that no Entrance Form be received giving the whole of the correct results, **£1,000** will be paid to the competitor whose coupon shows one error only. In the unlikely event of neither the Pension Prize of **£5** a Week for Life (or the alternative **£2,500** in cash), nor the **£1,000** being won, we shall in any event pay the cash prize of **£500** to the sender of the most correct forecasts, whatever the number—even if only 8 or 10. In addition we shall pay a cash prize of **£50** for the most correct forecasts sent on a Mauve Coupon taken from MARY BULL. This is a distinct and additional prize—a Mauve Coupon signed by a lady, means the sender has the opportunity of winning not only the Pension Prize of **£5** a Week for Life (or the alternative **£2,500** cash) the **£1,000**, or **£500**, but also an extra **£50**.

The competition is one of pure skill, and a test of knowledge of form. Competitors should make a point of studying the Football columns of the newspapers.

Our elaborate checking arrangements and our new method of marking the coupon safeguard the interests of our competitors in every way and render even an attempt at fraud impossible. The risk of a coupon being overlooked is totally eliminated.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION DEPARTMENT

is now under the personal supervision of Mr. J. A. McWeeney, who for many years was the writer of "The Wisdom Shop" in the London "Football Star," and is further known to every follower of football as "McW." of the "Morning Leader" and "Daily Chronicle," and has been a noted football writer for various other leading publications. We feel sure this announcement will give wide spread satisfaction to the thousands upon thousands of football followers who know Mr. McWeeney as a football expert.

TWO WEEKS ONLY.
CUP-TIE CONTEST.

Matches to be played Saturday, January 31st. Closing date Friday, January 30th.

The RULES and
COUPON
will be found
on
PAGE 2 of COVER.

YOU CAN SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

Address: JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Cup Tie Contest."

£50 FOR A "Mauve" COUPON.

We again give competitors using the MARY BULL Mauve Coupon the opportunity of winning a special cash prize. This time **£50** will be paid to the sender of the best Mauve Coupon. This is an extra prize—thus a Mauve Coupon signed by a lady means that the sender has the opportunity of winning not only the Pension Prize of **£5** a Week for Life (or the alternative **£2,500** cash), the **£1,000** or **£500**, but an additional **£50**. The Mauve Coupon will be found in this week's MARY BULL, on sale Friday next, January 16th.

After you have filled up your entries for this competition, turn to page 33, where you will find particulars of "Bullets," a simple and attractive Competition which you should not fail to enter. Nearly **2,000 extra** cash Prizes are to be won this week. A first prize of **£500** in cash is offered for the Best "Bullet" received, together with other substantial cash prizes.

IMPORTANT OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION DEPT. IS NOW UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF— **"McW."** The Football Authority. Late of the "Morning Leader," the "Star," and "Daily Chronicle."

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of INQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the continual growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and only those of general interest will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "Bi.suit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

CORRESPONDENTS desiring INFORMATION *should place their questions in* CONCISE *form and refrain from sending* VOLUMINOUS DOCUMENTS, *at any rate until asked for them. The Editor is quite unable to devote the time necessary for perusing and considering the scores of folios which correspondents sometimes send.*

Each Financial and Insurance Inquiry must be accompanied by Postal Order for One Shilling, and must be addressed to the City Editor, 52, New Broad Street, E.C.

GENERAL.

W. J. R. (Widnes), P. V. K. (Coventry) and OTHERS.—We make it a rule not to interfere in the internal affairs of our contemporaries, but if you will associate yourself with the schemes of such a publication as the one you mention you must expect disappointment.

J. R. C. (Silksworth) wants to know "when Horatio Bottomley first became Editor of JOHN BULL, and who was Editor before him?" And J. R. C. is an agent of the Prudential Assurance Company! And, more remarkable still, he speaks of our "valuable paper." Christmas is indeed a period of peace and goodwill!

W. D. (Glasgow) sends us the usual complaint regarding I. A Hardy and Co.—that a long time ago, namely, eighteen months, he placed various accounts with them to collect, but has received nothing, though at least one of the amounts has been paid. He asks us for Hardy's address, as he has mislaid the papers. He should try 70 and 72, Chancery Lane, W.C., though we believe Hardy's visits there are of the "angel" type.

"ENGINEER" (Devonport) is of opinion that the mysterious tool discovered by Scotland Yard at Holloway, on the scene of the alleged suffragette outrage, is merely an ordinary "moulder's trowel," used by ironfounders for smoothing the surface of the sand-moulds in which molten metal is cast. The highly polished surface is the result of successive rubbings over the gritty sand used in the manufacture of castings. Scotland Yard is hereby advised to accept this (the only) intimation.

"A LOVER OF ANIMALS" (Henfield).—Alas that we can only afford space to deal with a tithe of the worst cruelty-to-animals cases.

W. H. P. (East Ham).—Your own Labour paper is a more suitable medium for the sectional ventilation of wage grievances.

A. G. C. (Cardiff).—Why write your letter to us with water? Not only do you fail in your object—for we decline to waste our time or injure our eyesight by reading it—but it is treating us with discourtesy.

F. C. A. (Birkenhead).—Thank you, but since the appearance of our "Open Letter" we find that inventors of carriage-door fastenings are legion.

C. T. T.—If the Channel Tunnel scheme is "dead and decently buried," don't worry about it.

C. R. T. (Calcutta).—Glad to know that although "only a native," the man in your office had "too much oil in his can" for the wiles of the Eureka Watch Co., 31, Eglington Road, Swanscombe, and did not send them any postal orders.

E. H. (Leicester).—We note that, as a result of the Highway Committee of your local Council objecting to the erection of poles in the district you are still unable to obtain a telephone installation. Undoubtedly poles are a disfigurement in a neighbourhood of good property, and many owners and tenants object to them. Probably this accounts for the Highway Committee's masterly inactivity.

C. A. (Bournemouth).—Yes, we occasionally see *Jack Cash's*. It seems a lively little lot.

J. C. R. (Scotstoun, W.)—We do not advise you to purchase from Genz Wheeler and Co., Leicester, an "auto sewing machine," with the idea that you can make a living out of it by home employment.

O. I. (Victoria, Mon.).—We do not know the address of *Football Chat*.

K. V. (Habrough).—Glad our recent warning saved you from the fountain pen trickster.

B. D. (Dublin).—You've had enough trouble in the dear, dirty city lately without making matters worse by having dealings with the Yankee shark, Hugh McKean, of 260, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., home of many flat-traps.

L. R. (Woolwich).—We do not recommend you to have any dealings with the Sanitary Training College, of 335, High Holborn, W.C. As far as we can learn it is not an institution whose certificates are recognised by the Sanitary Inspectors' Examination Board. Write to the Hon. Sec., 1, Adelaide Buildings, London Bridge, instead.

W. B. (c.o. G.P.O., London).—We are surprised that anybody, not excepting sailors, needs to be warned nowadays against the three-card tricksters who operate in railway carriages. Anyhow, the boy seaman who lost a pound will keep his weather eye open in future, we imagine.

H. G. C. (Wealdstone).—We have exposed the Unceda Bonus(?) Tea ramp a dozen times. You cannot tell us more than we already know about the gang.

C. (Clapham Junction) wants to know whether he can recover money from a bookmaker, the knight of the pencil repudiating a bet because the post-mark was timed after the race. "C." explains that he gave his mother-in-law the letter to post four hours before the event. He seems to be between the mother-in-law and the bookmaker—we don't know which is the worse.

"ANXIOUS" (Pontypool) tells us that her husband has deserted her and joined the Army, leaving her with one child. The runaway husband now sends her 3s. 6d. a week, and she wants to know if she can claim him out of the ranks. She says that he has enlisted for seven years with the colours, and five with the Reserve. If she takes our advice, she will tell him to extend his service to 21 years.

A. G. C. (Acton).—"Would I be safe," you ask, "in paying for lessons in the British Bioscope School, of 5, New Oxford Street, London?" Without a doubt; but you would be a lot safer with the money in your pocket.

C. T. H. (Norwich).—The firm is not familiar to us, but "genuine employment agents," who want a 5s. fee in advance for "registration," must be carefully considered in all their bearings.

J. H. (Moorfields).—It depends on the magisterial order where your son is sent until the completion of the term.

H. C. (Aldershot).—"If you had kept in touch with our "Letter Bag" you would know we don't recommend the International Society for (alleged) Psychical Research.

J. W. (Raynes Park).—If people would read such advertisements with intelligence they would not be caught, and if they would use their common sense they would realise that these clothing firms could not afford to send their goods to strangers without security. All the same, the offer is deceptive and you are entitled to the return of your deposit.

F. M. (Barnsley).—The National Insurance Commissioners have recently issued instructions regarding the changing of their panel doctors by insured persons.

J. W. T. (Hornchurch) asks whether the London Jewellery Syndicate, Barbican Court, E.C., is a genuine and reliable firm. It is not.

MISS H. G. (Partick).—Thanks for your acrostic on "Bullets." It is not quite up to publication standard, but as Mercutio or somebody said, "'Twill serve."

"PED" (Glamorgan).—You cannot tell us anything we don't know about the tricks of the British Clothing Club, of Manchester. Your 2s., we fear, is lost, as well as gone before.

"REGULAR READER" (Finsbury Park, N.)—Put all the literature emanating from the firm at 260, Westminster Bridge Road, in the fire.

Second Round Contest. £5 a Week for Life or £2,500 Cash for Forecasts.

LETTER BAG.—Continued.

T. A. (Hednesford).—The best we can tell you of the M. A. Winter Co., of Washington, D.C., North America, who have selected you for a position of "high class and dignified nature," is that if you have anything to do with them you will probably catch a cold.

F. C. H. (Okehampton).—This is to record your opinion that the Rev. H. Bremridge, of Winkleigh, is "very much missed by all his parish," and that "as he has left a very young and rather large family to be provided for, and seeing that he did all he could for the good of people in his lifetime, no one can say he has left too much."

W. R. (Larkhall).—What you tell us about the more or less harmful imbecile who is allowed to roam the streets of Larkhall almost converts us to the principle of the Mental Deficiency Bill. We are loth to urge the incarceration of a fellow creature, but stone-throwing and offences against public decency must be stopped. It is certainly up against Mr. Nicol, the Poor Law Inspector, to take some action.

F. W. (Wolverhampton), draws our attention to an advertisement in the *Wolverhampton Express*:—"Fined 5s. and costs for riding without a light in the dark? Why is this when we supply you with a Lamp which won't go out for 1s." Perhaps somebody offered it eighteen pence.

G. F. F. (Torquay).—On a mere *ex parte* statement, it would not be right for us to criticise the action of the police sergeant. Your best course is to protest to the Chief Constable As you say, you have as much right and more right to contradict a wrong statement made by a speaker at a meeting "outside the Constitutional Club" or anywhere else, as he has to make it. The proper business of the police is to see that the meeting is conducted without nuisance or disorder.

"CISSIE" (Charlton).—Your assertion that two young ladies "were sacked last week from a shop for leaving a crust of bread and jam which was supplied for tea," astounds us to the point of incredibility. However, even one side of a jam-and-bread holds good till the other is told.

"SOLDIER" (Tidworth) complains that he and his comrades are frequently put on fatigue duty, sweeping out a picture palace at the Garrison Theatre, for which they get no pay whatever, though if he and his friends want to visit the place they have to pay. He wishes to know who runs the show, and if the military authorities get any of the profits. Perhaps some of our readers will inform and oblige.

A. D. V. (Harrow).—We think your sympathy is wasted on a brute who has been convicted several times of violently assaulting a young girl because she was sensible enough to reject his advances. The Clerk's remarks were mild to what we would have said to him.

J. H. F. (Burry Port).—No doubt the International Novelty House, of Nancy, France, will be very pleased if you send them £1 4s. for a supply of "Calloxit," whatever that may be. But, for the sake of Old England's reputation for business astuteness, don't.

A. B. (Ealing, W.) says he "went in Cannon Street, E.C., Post Office this morning for my 6d. postal order, and was told they had *sold out*. . . . Is it 'Bullets'?" Yes, and bad Post Office management.

W. G. H. (Cardiff).—As we have already pointed out to another correspondent, we do not consider that "breed" is confined to the aristocracy, but can be found, and is found, in all classes of society. You know the old saying: "What's bred in the bone comes out in the flesh," and we have not lived, never mind how many years, without proving it to be true.

"A SCOTCHWOMAN" (Belfast).—Consider yourself lucky if you have to pay only 27s. 6d. a ton for the best English coals in Belfast. In England we are paying over 30s. Another injustice to—England.

J. T. (Llanelly) wants to know whether there is a charge made for entrance to witness a football match in Ireland on Sundays under the "Gaelic and Athletic Association."

"A NEW READER" (Yeovil).—Your news that there is talk of introducing rag-time hymns in New York rather startles us. Do you think the idea is to relieve the *Te Deum*?

"A HAPPY MARRIED MAN" (London).—It is not possible for us to print your views on the Bishop of London, Nature and the Joys of Life. Good gracious us, what next?

H. B. (Doncaster).—The engineers who have approved of your friend's "safety cage patent" for mines should be better able to advise how to bring it to the notice of the "authorities" than we are.

J. J. T. (Theale).—Another form of the old Spanish prisoner swindle. Tell your friend to have nothing to do with it.

J. D. (Salisbury).—How can we suggest to a youth of 18 who will "never be any good at mathematics, book-keeping, shorthand, etc.," what else he will be good at outdoors, when we know nothing whatever about him? Think you would be any good at a pickaxe or a hand-saw?

"SINNER" (Portland).—You call the vicar's "first-class begging," madame; but what can a poor beggar do except beg?

D. P. (Maidstone).—Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long. Why worry, therefore?

Miss M. G. (Irthughlingboro').—Do not on any account allow yourself to be tricked by the Waterman Advertising Co., 43, Theobald's Road. Their only object is to induce you to purchase one of their pens, with which end in view they have taken the name of a more reputable firm. We have frequently exposed them.

"MURIEL" (Rawdon).—It is contrary to our "system of ethics" to supply ladies with the addresses of "beauty specialists."

W. H. W. (Chelsea).—The young lady who made some dumplings but couldn't find 'em when she came to dish up the dinner, must have forgotten to fasten them up.

T. B. (S. Kensington).—Your letter is not clear, but the short answer appears to be that if you have not ordered the book you needn't keep it.

A. C. (Grimsby).—If we could altogether stop the traffic in decrepit horses we certainly should Undoubtedly it still involves a great deal of cruelty, much of which does not come to light.

E. G. O. (Bulawayo).—Sorry we can't remember all this time, but if it comes to mind we will let you know.

MRS. H. (Dublin).—We have warned and warned until we are sick of warning. If you had thoroughly read your JOHN BULL you would have saved your money. Experience is a fine teacher, but now you know she demands her fees.

F. G. (Llanhilleth).—"Is it J. Redmond or Robert Reid who wants Home Rule for Ireland?" What are you driving at?

J. T. (Liverpool), S.).—The question is not whether you remember signing an agreement charging, *inter alia*, 10 per cent. for hire, but whether you did. If you did, you must pay; if not, not.

O. G. (Gloucester).—It is not usual for visitors to a cathedral to be allowed beyond the "Communion rails."

H. S. M. (Bath).—Read this column carefully every week and you will find your question answered repeatedly.

J. R. (Southend-on-Sea) has discovered a young labourer "who is very strong in the neck and mouth," and able to "swing a full size sack of cement about with his teeth." He asks us to recommend an agent, as he considers his turn good enough for the stage. We are afraid the Rev. F. B. Meyer would object to a performance of that character, in the interests of public morals.

W. T. R. (Alltwen).—You have constructed a model of a contrivance to prevent theft from post office letter boxes and pillar boxes, and do we think the Post Office would take it up? They will probably tell you if you take it down.

H. L.—(Cardiff).—Got 'em again?

H. A. (Kenilworth).—When we think of founding a chair of Biblical prophesy we will think of you in connection with it.

"DUBIOUS" (Ipswich) asks us to "kindly furnish date of birth of Marie Lloyd." It would not be kind to Marie for us to do so.

M. M. (Fishbourne).—Much obliged to you for telling us that you have always taken in JOHN BULL and "consider it a good paper," but it was unnecessary for you to send us screeds on "The Toilet of Beauty" and "The Toilet of Elegance" as tokens of gratitude. You are too overwhelming.

C. W. (Leeds).—Sorry we can't inform you who is the present owner of Dunrobin Castle, or whether the said castle has ever been in Chancery. Castles are not among our specialities.

E. T. (Wimblington).—Being a reader of our paper you "would like to put a piece in in regards to a shooting affair. This is the case. A friend of mine, Mr. ———." If we put in any more of your piece, we should be in pieces.

X. Y. Z. (Rusholme).—You must judge for yourself, considering the appliance you wish for, whether or not you can get it as cheap and as good at a local chemist's or surgical appliance dealer's as from the people you name; we daresay you can, though probably you would receive what you paid for from them.

"JIMMIE" (Chelmsford).—Don't think *everybody's* feet are where his head ought to be, Jimmie, even though life *is* full of ups and downs.

"TERESA" (Hammersmith).—We are delighted to have been of service to you, and appreciate your good wishes.

"THOUGHTLESS" (Grays).—We are sorry to hear that Harry Mehlers, of Hillegrom, Holland, has not forwarded the goods for which you sent him a guinea, but no doubt you have already heard that in matters of business the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much. Apparently Harry Mehlers is a super-Dutchman.

Don't Forget the Pen Coupon. See page iii. of cover.

LETTER BAG.—Continued.

LEGAL.

"POST OFFICE" (London, W.).—We fear it would be futile taking proceedings against the Post Office to obtain compensation for the damage done to the valuable ring you sent by registered post. It would be contended that the injury resulted from your negligent packing; in addition, the procedure to obtain redress from a Government Department is complicated and expensive. Knowing this, they take full advantage of it.

"STAMP" (Battersea Park).—As we have before mentioned, bills for goods paid for immediately do not require a receipt stamp, though the amount is £2 or over, but should an account be rendered, such tax is, of course, imposed.

S. L. (Llanelly.)—You will find it difficult to get money out of "Chancery," particularly after you have allowed it to remain there for 25 years. Write, giving full particulars, to the Paymaster-General, Royal Courts of Justice, London.

"QUERY (Coventry).—Agreements in restraint of trade are binding providing the terms are reasonable—that is, not wider than is sufficient for the master's reasonable protection. The fact of another partner joining the firm would not invalidate the agreement. In the event of any breach, the £1,000 penalty could not be enforced, but reasonable damages and an injunction could probably be obtained.

F. J. S. (Borough).—A man is not disqualified for election as a municipal councillor by reason of his having been convicted of felony.

Miss M.T. (East Dulwich).—No, you have no legal claim to the possession of lost articles which you may find on your employer's premises.

"CONSTANT READER" (Tumble).—Yes, if the magistrates were to send your boy to a reformatory they could order you to contribute towards his maintenance.

F. T. (Canton).—Women must not be employed in a laundry for more than 14 hours in any one day, nor for more than a total of 60 hours in any one week. No person may be employed continuously for more than 5 hours without an interval of at least half-an-hour for a meal. These provisions do not apply to laundries carried on by members of the same family *dwelling in the laundry* or in which not more than *two persons dwelling elsewhere* are employed. If you desire to give the business to your daughters, you must instruct a solicitor to prepare a deed of gift.

M. R. (Hampstead).—If the kitchen range, boiler, hot water pipes, &c., have worn out in the ordinary course of fair and reasonable usage you do not have to replace them, but if they were damaged by your negligence you must.

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

A Postal Order for 1s. must accompany each Financial or Insurance Inquiry.

CONSOLIDATED OILFIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.—CHRISTMAS.—Whilst we regard the shares as a first-class speculative investment, we should hesitate, notwithstanding the recent highly satisfactory news, to advise anyone with such limited capital as you possess to invest in any undertaking of a speculative character, however promising its prospects may be. We understand that a small further distribution in connection with the liquidation of the Bank you mention will be paid, but it is impossible to say when.—D. A. C. (Portadown).—We think you would be very ill-advised to sell your shares.

VARIOUS STOCKS.—THRIFTY.—London County and Westminster Bank shares are perfectly safe, but there is a liability of £20 per share and we are not sure that they are suitable for the small investor. We cannot recommend Grand Trunk Guaranteed as the dividend is likely to be in jeopardy before very long. Great Northern Railway 3 Per Cent. Debenture Stock is much better. Your bankers will do the business as well as anyone. For a small investment Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred Stock is attractive as the yield is over 6 per cent., and the interest is guaranteed by the Western Union Telegraph Company.

"JOHN BULL" BANK.—ENQUIRER (Durham).—The "John Bull" Bank pays Five per cent. Interest on Deposits, irrespective of any fall in the Bank Rate.—NAVY (Sheerness).—You are quite safe in depositing with the "John Bull" Bank, and will get Five per cent. Interest, which is double what you receive from the Post Office and quite as safe.

MOTOR GARAGE SHARES.—SHARES (Bradford).—It is difficult to advise in the absence of further information and a knowledge of local conditions. We should imagine that the undertaking is in a very bad way or it would not put forward such drastic proposals. If you can combine with other shareholders and put the matter in the hands of a smart solicitor you may be able to rescue something, but we should hesitate to advise you to incur much expense in the matter.

GALICIAN STANDARD OIL MINING CO.—E. M. G. (Dudley).—We have frequently expressed our opinion that these shares constitute a promising speculation.

SCOTTISH IRON AND STEEL PREFERENCE SHARES.—There is little chance of a recovery in the near future and it would perhaps be best to cut your loss.

CIVIL SERVICE BANK.—TANTALUS.—We know nothing to the detriment of this institution, which is in quite a small way of business. On the other hand, we know that the "John Bull" Bank, for the soundness of which we can vouch, would answer your purpose equally well and probably better.

MANCHESTER BROKERS.—L. S. (Wolstanton).—You should at once apply to the firm and ask them for a copy of your husband's account. If you address the letter to The Stock Exchange Manchester, it should find them. From the particulars you give us, however, it would seem that the transactions were purely speculative, and have probably been closed long ago.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO.—R. W. (Surrey).—During recent years the building up of an Industrial Branch has necessarily involved the expenditure of a good deal of money, and we are not satisfied that the cultivation of this class of business is in the best interests of the Company. The strong competition and the established position of the leading Industrial-ordinary companies makes it almost impossible for a young institution to survive the ordeal of reaching that point when it can be said that premium income exceeds the expenditure, and, in our opinion, the management would be well advised to cry "Halt!" The recent Quinquennial Valuation showed the Company to be in a sound financial position, and, inasmuch as the transfer of the Certificate carries with it all accrued rights and privileges, we see no objection to your effecting the sale.

ARMY AND NAVY GENERAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—M. C. D. (Bethnal Green).—It is not over-strong financially, but, provided the risk is moderate in amount, we think you may hold the policy.

COUNTY LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION.—G. F. (Sandy).—You appear to have paid an extra premium owing to the age of the horse at the time the insurance was effected. You see that, a claim having arisen, objection is made on the ground that the correct age was not given. You had better consult a local solicitor before accepting their offer to return the premiums.

NORTH LONDON TERMINABLE MUTUAL BENEFIT BUILDING SOCIETY.—READER. (Clapham).—We do not recommend this class of Society either for the purpose of investment or mortgage loans. Having paid the Surveyor's fee you are disappointed at the offer made. You are, however in their hands, and must abide by their decision. If, however, any part of the fee is retained by the Society, they may be disposed to return it on application.

SPORTING.

Sporting inquiries must be addressed to the Sporting Editor, 52, New Broad Street, E.C.

"JOHN BULL" DERBY SWEEP.—C. B. (Cambridge).—As already announced, the prize money amounts to £50,000, the whole of which has been deposited with a leading joint stock bank, whose receipt we have seen. And on top of this there will be £5,000 for Charities, the distribution of which is to be in our Editor's hands. As in the case of the "John Bull" Football Cup Sweep, the conduct of the undertaking will be entrusted to Messrs. Smallman and Terry, of Geneva, Switzerland, a firm of the highest reputation and financial standing.

PATRICK O'BRIEN'S GRAND NATIONAL SWEEP.—H. S. (Hampstead).—In this case also the total amount of the prize money, viz., £10,000 has been lodged in the Bank, whose acknowledgment has been produced to us. Mr O'Brien has arranged to give, in addition, £1,000 to English Charities, the amount to be allocated by the Editor. So our "Human Document" Fund is in for another windfall.

TURF POOL SYNDICATE'S LINCOLN HANDICAP SWEEP.—ENQUIRER.—We are informed that the prize money has been fixed at £10,000, and that a substantial contribution will also be made to Charities. You may rest assured that we shall do our best to get some of the money for our "Human Document Fund." We have agreed to be present at the Draw on March 17th, and you may rely upon everything being quite straightforward. For further particulars you must apply to the Turf Pool Syndicate, whose address is Geneva, Switzerland.

JAMES MILLER (Geneva), HERBERT GORDON (Birsfelden).—E. B. (Belfast).—We note your complaint that you are unable to obtain your winnings from these people, but you should have taken the advice so frequently given in this column to confine your business to those firms for whose *bona-fides* we can vouch: for instance, Smallman and Terry, Geneva, and Patrick O'Brien, Lucerne.

Try "Bullets"—There's Money in it. Nearly 2,000 EXTRA CASH Prizes Weekly.

CITY NOTES.

[*For Financial and Insurance Replies, see Letter-Bag pages.*]

The Stock Markets.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth, and the New Year has not brought any appreciable accession of business to the Stock Exchange. A few special groups have been taken in hand and run for more than all they are worth, perhaps, but beyond that and a certain amount of routine investment, dealers have not had much to cheer them up. Even the reduction in the Bank rate from 5 to 4½ per cent. created little more than a ripple on the surface, although it is very unusual for the official standard to be lowered so early in the year. It was justly taken to indicate that monetary conditions are easier both here and abroad (especially in Berlin), but there are a good many shrewd observers who shake their heads and regard the movement as premature in view of the heavy demands for new capital which have to be faced in the course of the next few months, but the Stock Exchange does not like to look so far ahead; pay day is usually the limit of its horizon, and some disappointment was felt that the cheapening of money had not a greater effect on markets. However, if the Bank rate falls to 4 per cent. and the deposit rate to 2½ per cent., a great deal of money which has been earning 3½ per cent. for months past will come out to seek the higher yields obtainable on Stock Exchange securities

Home Railways at one time showed strength, but the demand was poor and dealers allowed prices to slip back Nevertheless, with the dividend announcements close at hand, such things as Brighton A, Great Northern Deferred, and South Western Deferred, with a whole year's interest in the price, look remarkably cheap, and the "Heavy" stocks are also attractive as investments. The American Copper Producers' figures, showing that stocks practically doubled during December, had an adverse effect. Rio Tintos, assisted by a renewal of labour troubles, fell sharply, and Great Cobars slumped badly on what looked like a determined bear raid. Canadas fell to a new low record on the present movement, in spite of the reported operations of a "bull pool," and the country is still grabbing for money on any terms, although the pretence of building three *Dreadnoughts* seems to have been definitely dropped. Saskatchewan asked for a round £1,000,000, and would appear to have got it—somehow; certainly not from the public. In the case of the New South Wales loan of £3,000,000 the public subscribed for less than £300,000. Among Mines, Kaffirs, were not so much affected by the fresh outbreak of labour difficulties as might have been expected, but, in our opinion, the gravity of the position has not been fully appreciated. The Russian group has been active, and prices soared to amazing heights, the movement only being arrested by hints that carrying-over facilities might be curtailed.

Canadian Independent Order of Foresters.

This Canadian "Order," which has a comparatively large membership in this country, is in a state of great unrest. The enquiries we have received show that the effort now being made in the form of an "assessment" to improve the Order's financial position has caused the older members of the Society to feel considerably perturbed. To subscribe $260 of every $1,000 of the Assurance benefit has called forth indignant protests, but we fail to discover any way of escape, and the old members must, we fear, bow to the inevitable. If the present *débâcle* leads to a thorough overhauling of the affairs of the "Order" so as to prevent the necessity of making another call in the future, a useful purpose will have been served.

Bucket Shop Death Roll in 1913.

Amongst the bucket shops which we exposed last year, and which have now disappeared, were those run by Dairymple and Co., Robinson and Co., Charles Maxwell and Co. and W. E. Delaney (*alias* Systematic Investment Co.), and Norman Cranfield and Co. Some of these gentry will, no doubt, crop up presently under other names; but we are keeping an eye on them, and their return to work will be duly notified in these columns.

Snowball "Finance."

Circulars are being issued from several quarters inviting the public to take a hand in a new share-pushing game. The shares in some rotten concern are offered at a few pence, the amount being payable in monthly instalments, less a commission, but the purchaser is informed that if he be able to secure, amongst, say, half-a-dozen of his friends, subscribers for an equal number of shares as those he applied for by himself, he will be let off his own liability—and will receive his commission. The new subscribers will then be invited to go through the same performance, and so on *ad infinitum*. In other words, the first purchaser is to become an underwriter, and is to save the original owners of the shares all expenses of advertising and all the risks attendant upon the publication of a prospectus. The scheme is evidently based on the principle that one fool makes many.

British European Trust.

This company is advertising for a gentleman, not necessarily with any previous experience, to join them and to draw £1,000 a year salary. The directors of this company offering such a unique post are Lt.-Col. Edward Turner and Messrs. L. V. Hunt, W. M. Hodder and A. Moraitiny. The last named has a certain fascination for us; we have not come across it for many years. When we first heard of it the "Christian" name of its owner was Aristide, and he ran two bucket shops; one was the Consolidated Securities Company, first at 10, Drapers Gardens, and later at No. 2, Pinners Court, E.C.; and the other, the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Limited, first at 20 and afterwards at 7 and 8, Great Winchester Street, E.C., which also happens to be the address of the British European Trust: Mr. A. Moraitiny, of the last-named company, may, of course, be quite a different person from Mr. Aristides Moraitiny, of the Consolidated Securities Company and the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Limited, in which case he will thank us for giving him this opportunity of making the fact plain, for neither the Consolidated Securities Company nor the Stock Exchange and Banking Co., Limited, was an undertaking with which any respectable man would have been connected. And when Mr. A. Moraitiny does take up this matter we should be obliged if he will explain the inner meaning of the British European Trust's advertisement, to which we have drawn attention.

Some more Underwriting Fiascos.

In addition to the disappointments experienced by underwriters of the issues mentioned by us recently, there comes the news that of the first Loan of the New Year, New South Wales Four Per Cents., the public subscribed only for 10 per cent. Why our Colonies should imagine that the British investor is simply yearning to send his money out of the country so that it may earn 4 per cent. to 4½ per cent. for him, when he can do so much better with it in Home Trustee Stocks, is a mystery. We wonder how many New South Wales capitalists subscribed for the Port of London 4 per cent. Loan recently offered! It is calculated that five gilt-edged loan issues during December, calling for eleven millions, were subscribed by the public to the extent of a little over 2½ millions, leaving just under 8½ millions for the underwriters.

Union Pacific Melon.

President Wilson, in his quieter way, is doing much more effective work in the anti-Trust campaign than the theatrical "Teddy" with his "big stick." We mentioned last week that the Morgan interests had withdrawn from some thirty "interlocking" directorships which virtually controlled between 2,000 and 3,000 millions sterling of capital. Closely following this announcement is the decision of the Union Pacific to distribute its Baltimore and Ohio holdings (about $82,000,000) among the shareholders, together with $3 per share in cash. These "rights" are valued in the market at over $30, and yet the dealers are not happy! In the first place the dividend is to be cut down from 10 to 8 per cent., that is to say, by one-fifth, and the capital will be reduced to a corresponding extent. So things are to be left pretty much just "as they were," and the "melon" that was to help the market so much turns out to be merely a case of taking money out of one pocket and putting it in the other. But the "unscrambling" of the eggs is a move of great social and economic importance, and the ultimate effects are still on the knees of the gods.

New Football Skill Contest. £5 a Week for Life or £2,500 Cash. See page 27.

1,750 EXTRA CASH PRIZES!

This week we are making an enormous increase in our "Bullets" Cash Prizes. In addition to our Premier Prize of £500, and other Substantial Cash Prizes, 500 Prizes of 5s. each and 2,500 of 2/6 are to be won this week.

First Prize. **£500** **First Prize.**

2nd Prize	3rd Prize	20 Prizes of	50 Prizes of
£50	£25	£2-10-0	£1 EACH.

500 PRIZES OF 5s. AND **2,500 PRIZES OF 2/6**

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 40 Examples:—

CABINET SPLIT	PROVOKES LAUGHTER	HOT CHESTNUTS	HIRSUTE ORDERS	MOST UNLIKELY
THE FINAL GOAL	NICE YOUNG MAN	PARISH RELIEF	CHAMBER OF HORRORS	PLEASE TAKE ONE
GROUND LANDLORD	CANTEEN SCANDALS	TIME WILL TELL	FEELING QUEER	POOR COMFORT
NEGLECTING THE NAVY	NOW OR NEVER	HIGH GAME	LOOKING FOR GOLD	RUNNING ACCOUNTS
BITTER ENEMY	WAITING UP	NONE LIKE IT	SHOT AT	UNKNOWN HEROES
LEAVING ENGLAND	A TRIAL SOLICITED	£1/10/2 TIPS	CORRUPT PRACTICES	PLEADING POVERTY
WAGGING TONGUE	VOTE CATCHING	NOTHING TO PAY	THE HAPPY MEDIUM	AN IMPOSING DOCUMENT
LOSING HIS BALANCE	SAVED TROUBLE	NOT ADVERTISED	HONOURS EASY	PIGEON PIE

3,073 CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our forty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST and LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "MOST UNLIKELY," and take the letters "S" and "E," using the word "REFUSING" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "SINGER REFUSING ENCORE."

From the example "NICE YOUNG MAN" the Bullet "GENERALLY MARRIED" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example "PROVOKES LAUGHTER," using the letter "S" as initial for both the first and last word, you can form the Bullet "SISTER'S BASHFUL SWEETHEART."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used a postal order for one shilling must be sent.

Competitors who have already won any prizes, large or small, in this competition, are in no way debarred from winning again.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

Competitors can see the "Bullets" Judged at work at any time.

Closing date, Wednesday, January 21st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(68) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 33.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "MARY BULL," dated January 24th.

Closing date, Wednesday, January 21st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(68) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 33.

Signed _____

Address _____

A Sixpenny P.O. Must Accompany this Coupon.

If Both Coupons Are Used a Postal Order for 1/- Must Be Sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 68." "JOHN BULL." LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left hand corner of Envelope.

The Result of this Competition will appear in our issue dated February 7th.

For Rules, etc., see opposite page.

RESULT OF 65TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mr. DAVID H. APPERSON,
5, Aston Gardens, Shaftesbury Town, Belfast, Ireland.

Example:—A PAYING GAME.
Bullet:—"POLICY" OF "ASSURANCE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

MR. WM. R. MacMULLAN,
King Edward VI. School, Totnes, S. Devon.

Example:—FAMILY JARS.
Bullet:—SLAVEY CANNOT SMASH.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. FRANK HUTCHISON,
53, Argyle Crescent, Portobello, Edinburgh.

Example:—MOVING.
Bullet:—INVENTOR'S PROUDEST MOMENT.

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9 Prizewinners of £2 10s each.

A. M. F. WISE, 34, High Street, Brecon, South Wales: KINDLY ACT—ALADDIN VISITS LEEDS.
A. C. BLYE, 31, Clareville Street, South Kensington, S.W. A LEAD START—AMATEUR RECITER'S SPECIALITY.
E. HOUGHTON, 7, Victoria Street, Mile Town, Sheerness: HALF PRICE—HUSBAND ESTIMATING HAT.
C. H. BENNETT, 13, Glebe Road, Bromley, Kent: UNLOOKED INCREMENT—HOT SCOTSMAN'S "TIP."
F. BROWN, 51, St. Lawrence Road, Brixton, S.W.; PROMISING TIME—MOTHER PRODUCING MEDICINE.
G. A. GRAY, Blackhall, Castle Eden, Co. Durham: OVER-CROWDED—COMPARTMENTS WHEN COURTING.
T. G. F. EVERETT, 27, Holmwood Rd., Seven Kings: PAID WITH SUSPICION—PIANIST'S INVITATION OUT.
E. S. GUY, 50, Albemarle Gds., New Malden, Surrey: LAST INSTALMENT—ALWAYS BLACKMAILER'S TALE.
T. E. SMITH, 7, Westville Road, Cardiff: PAID WITH SUSPICION—HYPNERS IN TELEGRAM.
H. W. MASSEY, Jeweller, St. Edmunds Street, Weymouth, Dorset:
THE PRESENT TIME—PEDESTRIANS NEED MUDGUARDS.
A. GODFREY, 8, Exbury Road, Catford, S.E.:
A QUESTIONABLE TASTE—AUSTRALIANS ROASTING ANCESTRY.
E. BOSWELL, 23, Palmerston St., Battersea, S.W.
PAID UP—HORSES FOR TERRITORIALS.
F. TURNER, 5, Blenheim Square, Leeds:
OFTEN SOLD—THE COUNTER FEAT.
E. DRESSNER, 40, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood, S.E.:
KNOWING TIME—SPINSTERS—ANY TIME.
P. BROWNLEE, Hopetoun Terrace, Bo'ness, N.B.:
AT CHRISTMAS—"HELPED" UNTIL HELPLESS.
JACK BLACKMORE, 23, Randall Pl., Greenwich, S.E.:
LEADS TO TROUBLE—DREADING IMAGINARY ONES.
JOHN CUNLIFFE, 16, Burnley Road, Stockwell, S.W.:
OFTEN SOLD—LAND AFTER LUNCHEON.
J. HALL, 30, Hughes Street, Swindon, Wilts:
PROMISING TIME—"TILLAGE" REP ACIN; "PILLAGE."
ERNEST KOCH, 44, North St., Prittlewell, Southend-on-Sea:
RICH LIVING—RARELY PUBLICAN'S NOW.
J. ACKLAND, 24, Royal Avenue, Scarborough:
LEAD WITH SUSPICION—CONTRACT'S SMALL PRINT.

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80 PRIZEWINNERS OF £1

BAIRD, L. M., 2, Ardross Terrace, Inverness, N.B.
BOOTH, T., 63, Salusbury Road, Kilburn, N.W.
BAX, D., 44, Tideswell Road, Eastbourne.
BELL, D., 68, West Regent Street, Glasgow.
BOG, Miss L. A., 6, Empingham Road, Stamford.
BOSS, LAURA, 3, Belle Vue Terrace, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
CALDWELL, W., 93, Waterloo Street, Glasgow.
COOPER, W., 44, Hearnville Road, Balham, S.W.
DAINTY, Mrs. EMILY L., 255, Icknield Way, Letchworth.
DWYER, W., 22, Flora Street, Spennymoor, Durham.
DYSON, J. F., 7, Melbourne Avenue, Bowes Park, N.
ELLIOTT, G., Pinehurst, Ilsedon Hill, near Newbury, Berks
EWART, B., Camp Comtec., Y.M.C.A., Coalville.
FEARNSIDE, P. H., 19, Headcorn Road, Thornton Heath.
FELTO, Police Cons., 14, Orchard St., Wolstanton, Stoke
FISHER, Admiral Sir FREDERICK, K.C.V.O., R.N. College, Greenwich.
GOFFIN, R. E., Green Hills View, Aylsham Road, Norwich.
GRAHAM, B., 50, Gore St., Greenheys, Manchester.
GREEN, Mrs. E. N., 277, Woodchurch Road, Birkenhead.
HARDEN, A. G., 46, Grosvenor Rd., Tunbridge Wells.
HENRY, C., c.o. Eggleston and Son, Westgate, Dewsbury
HINDE, A., 10, Londsdale Road, Wolverhampton.
HODGSON, Rev. W. E., 28, Vicars Close, Wells, Som.
HUDSON, J., Whiteford House, Canongate, Edinburgh.
HUNTER, L. M., St. Catherine's Gdns., Murrayfield, Edin.
IRWIN, H. S., Old Rectory, West Walton, Wisbech, Cambs.
LANCASTER, LILY, 2, Norma Road, Waterloo, Lancs.
LONG, J., 18, Park Road, S., Birkenhead.
MASON, Miss N. M., 3, Corriour Rd., Newlands, Glasgow.
McGIRR, W. F., Anchor Hotel, Londonderry.
McMENAMY, J. E., Blundell's Grange, Loughall, Armagh.
MITCHELL, F., 1052, High St., Inverkeithing, Fife.
MORRIS, Miss K., 16, Frederick Street, Southampton.
PALK, D., Etwelle, Poole, Dorset.
PETERS, C., Fireman, Chester St. Fire Station, Aston, Birmingham.
RAWLINS, F., 11, Lombard Street, London, E.C.
SIMS, A. C., The Turning, Garway, near Hereford.
SLAPE, H., 29, Brooke Ter., Cadoxton, Barry, Glam.
SMITH, J. J., c.o., Myerscough, Broughton, Preston, Lancs.
SMITH, Mrs. A., 52, Cavendish Rd., Rotton Park, Birmingham.
SMITH, P., 3, South View, Lightcliffe, Halifax.
SMITH, LUCY, 76, Worcester Road, Bootle, Liverpool.
SOLLY, R. H., 102, Hollydale Road, Peckham, S.E.
THOMPSON, A. J., Corpl., 32, Co. R.G.A., Sandown Barracks, Sandown, Isle of Wight.
WAIN, Mrs. M., 10, Wycliffe Rd., Laird, Plymouth.
WARWICK, F. 362, Glenelg Road, Brixton, S.W.
WELLS, J., 13, Vincent Avenue, Stratford-on-Avon.
WELSH, D., Carman, G.W. Ry., Goods Dept., Temple Meads, Bristol.
WILSON, J. W., Fairview, D.O., Dublin.
WRIGHT, Mrs. A. O., 24, Murray Road, Ipswich.

Reduced facsimile of the

£500 "BULLETS" CHEQUE

paid to last week's First Prize Winner.

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. Pelling, 653, Green Lanes, Harringay, London, N. from January 14th.

Selection of 5s. Prize Winners

Came, L. A., 12, St. Andrew's Pavement house Newington, N.
Campbell, C., Miss, 10, Woodhall Tce., Juniper Green, Edinburgh.
Carter, F. S., 3, Broad Street, Port Talbot.
Catte, J., 49, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, W.C.
Cave, F., 3, Briardale Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
Chapman, E., Mrs., 46, Rayleigh Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
Charnwood, G., 24, The Avenue, Kew Gardens, Surrey.
Chantly, W., Running Shed, G.C.Rly., Gorton, Manchester.
Church, F. D. Lt., R.N., H.M.S. *Dido*, Portsmouth.
Cobu, Violet G., 3, West Grimsby, A'bruth.
Cole, W. W., Glenwood, Elmstone Road, Ramsgate.
Collier, J., 1, KingStreet, Eccles, Manchester.
Cowin, L. A. J., 43, Strathnairn St., Roath Cardiff.
Connor, H., 1, Ashton Grove, South Shore, Blackpool.
Coose, A., 34-35, Edgar Road, Margate.
Copper, A., Miss, c.o. H. Porter's Stores, St. Albans Road, Watford.
Coward, P. E., Chiltenwood, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.
Crapper, S. B., 30, St. Agnes Place, Kennington, S.W.
Crook, A. A., Mrs., 75, Sapling Road, Morris Green, Bolton.
Crowther, G., 597, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.
Culnan, Mrs., 9, Wilbraham Place, Sloane Street, London, S.W.
Davies, H., 25, Gairloch Road, Camberwell, S.E.
Davies, W., Hafod, Deganwy, N. Wales.
Day, E. P., 3, Highfield Road, West Bridgford, Notts.
Dedicate, W., 39, Cornwall Road, Dorchester.
Denoon, C. F., 8, Woodcroft Avenue, Broomhill, Glasgow.
Dickinson, A. E., Ouclair, Worms Hill, Sittingbourne.
Donaldson, B. A. K., Donard, Comber, Co. Down.
Donaldson, B. S., Burlington Tower, Bettinge, Herne Bay.
Duxbury, S., Mrs., 60, Blagdon Road, New Malden, Surrey.
Edwards, A., 36, Whitefriars Street, Fleet Street, E.C.
Enwright, Ellen, 182, Blythe Road, West Kensington, W.
Fears, E. G., 7, California Terrace, Ford Road, Arundel, Sussex.
Finnemore, J. G., Hairdresser, Pontyberem, S. Wales.
Finney, G., 40, Wingrove Gardens, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Fiske, W. S., 8, Daisy Bank, Louth, Lincs.
Fox, D., Miss, Church Street, Chasetown, Walsall.
Freeth, C. W., Stratton, Swindon, Wilts.
Fuller, L., 218, Brighton Road, Croydon.
Gale, W. E., 26, Hamlet Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Galloway, R., 18, Pomarium Street, Perth
George, A. J., Broadway House, Market Lavington, Devizes.
Gibbons, A. J., Mrs., 43, Dryden Street, Nottingham.
Gibbs, R., 26, Field Road, Newport, Mon.
Gilbert, E. M., Brooklyn, Enfield Wash, N.
Ginney, H., Caxton Lodge, Railway Approach, Laindon, Essex.
Glover, A., Mrs., Cotgrave, Nottingham.
Goodwin, M. E., Old Park House, Clevedon, Somerset.
Green, M., 06, Westbourne Street, Shaw Street, Liverpool.
Griggs, C., 33, St. Paul's Cres., Camden Square, N.W.
Grime, J., 6, Osborne Road, Liscard, Ches
Grisdale, W., Michael Street, Whitehaven.
Hacker, L. G., 13, Hamilton Road, Bedford Park, W

"BULLETS" RULES, *which must be strictly adhered to*

The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Editor, his special staff of adjudicators, is the best Bullet received, and the other s in order of merit. In deciding prizes, originality and aptness will be n into account. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or competitors is reserved.

Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 32, and two attempts may be written on each coupon.

Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by ted order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ——— & ———. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date ——— ding the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Stamps will not be accepted.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Wednesday, January 21st.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

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element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider ently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that, before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, s placed all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This n of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY BULLETS IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the inal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered, and re-read and re-considered by a specially ted staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. is way "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

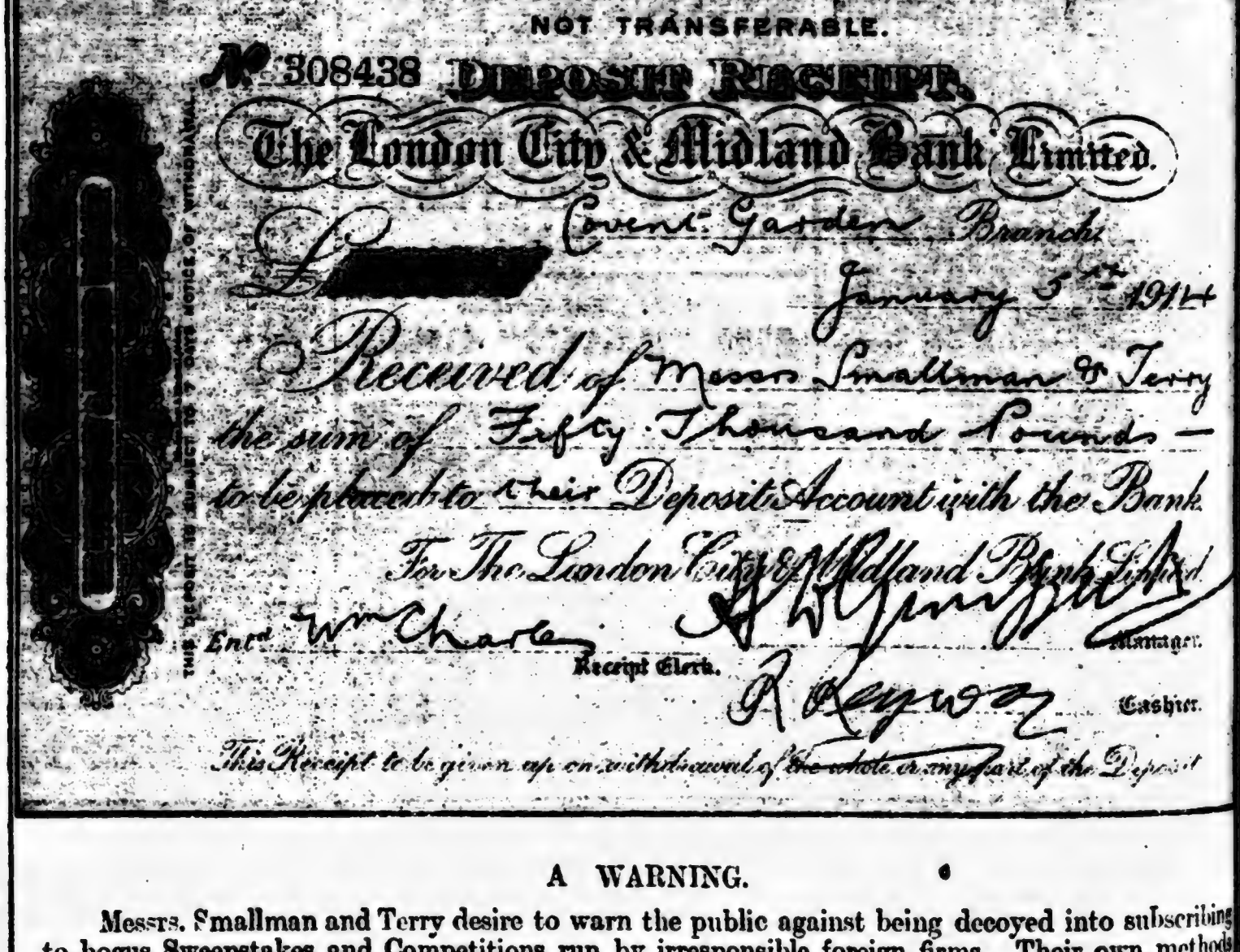
Complete List of all cash and other Prize-winners in the above Competition can be seen at the "John Bull" Offices.

MESSRS.

Smallman & Terry,

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

In presenting their best wishes for a Happy New Year to all their clients, desire to congratulate those who were successful in drawing Prizes in their 1913 Sweepstakes. They, at the same time, take the opportunity of pointing to the following Banker's Deposit Note as evidence of their financial stability.


NOT TRANSFERABLE.

No 308438 DEPOSIT RECEIPT.

The London City & Midland Bank Limited.

Covent Garden Branch

£ [redacted] January 5th 1914

Received of Messrs Smallman & Terry

the sum of Fifty Thousand Pounds —

to be placed to their Deposit Account with the Bank.

For The London City & Midland Bank Limited

Entd Wm Charles Manager.

Receipt Clerk.

R Rayner Cashier.

This Receipt to be given up on withdrawal of the whole or any part of the Deposit

A WARNING.

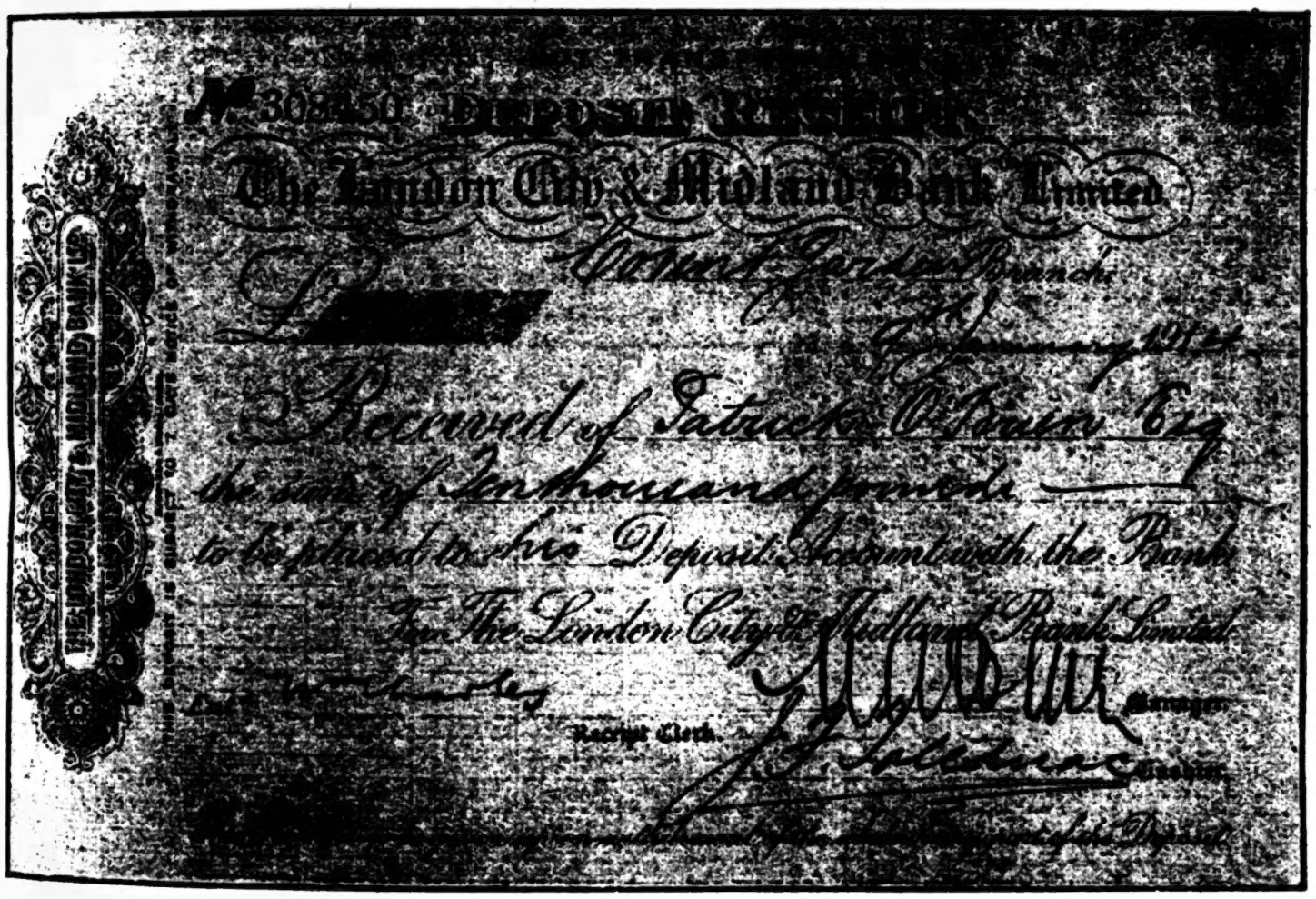
Messrs. Smallman and Terry desire to warn the public against being decoyed into subscribing to bogus Sweepstakes and Competitions run by irresponsible foreign firms. Their own methods of business have upon many occasions been fully investigated by both the Special Commissioner and the Editor of JOHN BULL, and have stood the test of the fullest enquiry. They are prepared to deposit the sum of £10,000 with *John Bull*, *Truth*, the *Sportsman*, *Sporting Life*, the *Sporting Chronicle*, or any other representative journal, and to forfeit the same if it can be shown that any of their Sweepstakes or Competitions have not been conducted upon honest and straightforward lines, or that any of the published Prizes have not been paid in full.

SMALLMAN & TERRY, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

Patrick O'Brien,
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

(Manager of the "JOHN BULL" Derby Sweepstake, 1913.)

Mr. O'BRIEN, in announcing the removal of his Offices from Geneva to Lucerne, takes the opportunity of wishing his clients the Compliments of the Season and congratulating those of them who were successful in winning substantial prizes in his 1913 Sweepstakes. In accordance with the suggestion of the Editor of "JOHN BULL," and as evidence of his financial strength, he has lodged the sum of £10,000 in a leading London joint stock Bank, whose receipt is appended.


The London City & Midland Bank Limited
Received of Patrick O'Brien Esq
the sum of Ten thousand pounds
to be placed to his Deposit Account with the Bank
For The London City & Midland Bank Limited
Manager
Receipt Clerk.
Cashier
Accountant

Extract from JOHN BULL, October 25th, 1913:—"His offices are situated in the heart of the City and have more the appearance of a banking institution than of a Sporting Bureau. Every member of the senior staff is specially selected from the point of view of character and education, and the system of dealing with the coupons is such as to render anything in the nature of fraud an impossibility."

PATRICK O'BRIEN, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

Racing Notes.

Prophetic.

Very satisfactory are the entries for the Spring Handicaps, and most of the early fancies for the Lincolnshire are found amongst those entered. Perhaps Drinmore and Bugler are the most prominent of those whose names are missing. The weights are due in a fortnight's time, and would-be speculators should hold their hands until they have a chance of reckoning these up.

Concerning the jumpers, we had a very good week last month, two of our three best things getting home. The third, Noah, did not run, but is one that must be followed. Ballykisteen is another animal that will soon be winning a nice race.

This week, there is only Hurst Park on Friday and Saturday to discuss. On the first day CORTIGAN'S PRIDE looks like winning the Surbiton Steeplechase, whilst

VALENTINE MAHER*,

in the Novices' Steeplechase, should prove the best thing of the meeting. On Saturday we must give MASTER AT ARMS another chance in the Middlesex Steeplechase. The Amateur Hurdle should see

LIMEROCK

in winning colours again, whilst if ILSTON only stands up, it is difficult to see what could beat him in the Open Steeplechase. WARBINE, if ever he is to win a race, has an undeniable chance of taking the Novices' Hurdle.

The Editor will probably run BUNCH OF KEYS, COODEN, and KING'S GARTER, and we need scarcely say they will all be "out."

THE "JOHN BULL" FOOTBALL CUP SWEEPSTAKE.

Messrs. Smallman and Terry would be obliged if holders of tickets, the counterfoils of which were forwarded to them in blank or signed with *noms de plume*, and which may have drawn prizes, will at once send their full names and addresses, in order that the sums due may be remitted to them.

Football Fancies.

By "Mc.W."

The First Round of the Cup Ties is gone, and out in the cold graveyard lie buried many of the hopes which were born a few short weeks ago. Scatter the flowers on the grave of Newcastle, done to death on his own doorstep by the Blades of Sheffield. Singular to relate, JOHN BULL alone tipped the demise of the "Coalies." Other surprising results there were, notably the defeat of Portsmouth at home, and the unexpected triumph of Glossop over Everton. Having dropped our tears on the graves of the fallen, let us turn our attention to the Second Round.

We have a nice little nest egg waiting for someone. Think of it £2,500 or £5 a Week for Life! With £2,500 you could purchase quite a lot of cigarettes.

Calculating persons, like my friend John Lewis, may work out the millions of "pufis" such a sum would bring JOHN BULL. As for the £5 a Week for Life, do not tell me that it cannot be won. We already have four Football Pensioners drawing on our exchequer, and long may they live to smoke the pipe of comfort in their easy chairs. We do not care which of the alternative prizes is won. You can have the big lump sum of £2,500, or you can make yourself a permanent friend of our cashier. He loves to pay out cheques and to squander gold in all deserving cases. It is thus that we advertise ourselves.

For this record Competition we have selected the sixteen Second Round Cup Ties for our Coupon. To bring the total of matches up to the requisite twenty-one is a difficult matter, because the League fixtures have not been rearranged for Saturday, January 31st. It gives us the chance, however, of introducing a game to be played in Wales, and four to be played in Scotland, to our Coupon. At the time of writing, Luton is Second on the Southern League Table (Division II.), and Pontypridd is fifth. In the Scottish League, Third Lanark is seventh, Motherwell thirteenth, Airdrieonians fourth, Morton sixth, Dundee eighth, Patrick Thistle twelfth, Dumbarton fourteenth, and Aberdeen nineteenth.

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Football Selections from the Principal Papers.

Matches to be played Saturday, 17th January, 1914.

In view of the enormous interest now taken in the competitions conducted by numerous papers, the following table of selections compiled from the principal football authorities will be found to be an extremely useful guide—

SOUTHERN LEAGUE. — SECOND DIVISION. — FIRST DIVISION.

Matches played on ground of first-named team.	Last Season's Result.	JOHN BULL	The Umpire.	News of the World.	Weekly Dispatch.	Sporting Chronicle.	Sunday Chronicle	Sporting Opinion.	Long Week-end.
Aston Villa v. Sunderland ..	Draw.	Away	Draw	Home	Draw	Away	—	Draw	Home
Burnley v. Sutton W.	No Match	Draw	Draw	Draw	Home	Draw	—	Home	Home
Derby C. v. Manchester C. ..	Derby won	Home	Away	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Liverpool v. Everton	Everton won	Away	Home	Home	Home	Draw	—	Away	Home
Manchester U. v. Chelsea ..	Manchester won	Away	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Middlesbro v. Blackburn R. ..	Draw	Away	Away	Away	Home	Away	—	Draw	Home
Newcastle U. v. West Brom. A.	Draw	Away	Away	Away	Draw	Home	—	Home	Home
Preston N. E. v. Sheffield W.	No match	Away	Draw	Away	Away	Draw	—	Away	Draw
Sheffield U. v. Bradford City ..	Sheffield won	Home	Home	Away	Draw	Home	—	Home	Home
Tottenham H. v. Oldham A. ..	Tottenham won	Home	Away	Away	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Barnsley v. Notts Forest ..	Barnsley won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Bradford v. Leeds City	Leeds won	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Draw	—	Home	Home
Bury v. Blackpool	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Fulham v. Glossop	Fulham won.	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Huddersfield v. Lincoln City ..	Huddersfield won	Home	Home	Home	Draw	Home	—	Home	Home
Hull City v. Wectwica A. ..	No match	Home	Home	Draw	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Leicester F. v. Birmingham ..	Birmingham won	Away	Home	Home	Home	Draw	—	Home	Home
Notts County v. Bristol City ..	No match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	—	Home	Home
Stockport .. v. Clapton O. ..	Stockport won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Wolverhampton W. v. Grimsby T.	Wolverhampton won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Away
Bristol R. v. Plymouth A. ..	Plymouth won	Away	Away	Away	Draw	Draw	—	Home	Home
Merthyr T. v. West Ham U. ..	Merthyr won	Home	Away	Home	Home	Home	—	Draw	Home
Swindon Town v. Southampton	Swindon won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
C. Palace v. Reading	No match	Home	Draw	Draw	Home	Away	—	Home	Home
Exeter City v. Crystal Palace ..	Draw	Home	Draw	Away	Draw	Home	—	Draw	Home
Millwall A. v. Queen's Park City ..	Millwall won	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Draw
Portsmouth v. Watford	Draw	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home
Brighton & Hove v. Norwich C.	Draw	Draw	Home	Home	Draw	Home	—	Home	Home
Southend U. v. Gillingham ..	No match	Home	Home	Home	Home	Draw	—	Draw	Away
Queen's Park v. Northampton ..	Rangers won	Away	Home	Home	Home	Home	—	Home	Home

Ladies are Specially Invited to enter our Football Contests. See our "Mauve" Coupon Offer, p. 27.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP

2nd ROUND, Jan. 31st.

£700 MUST BE WON £700.

ALL interested in this magnificent Prize Competition should make early application to address below for particulars.

Premier Prizes this season have been awarded as follows:—

Sept. 1st Contest (no tens predicted) 14 nines gained £17 17s. 1d.

„ 6th „ (no tens predicted) 38 nines gained £6 11s. 6d.

The above results—no tens for two successive contests—constitute a record for Continental Competitions.

Sept.	13th	Contest	2	tens gained	£128	0s. 0d.
„	20th	„	5	„ „	50	0 0
„	27th	„	117	„ „	2	2 8
Oct.	4th	„	53	„ „	4	14 4
„	11th	„	8	„ „	31	5 0
„	18th	„	41	„ „	0	1 11
„	25th	„	2	„ „	125	0 0
Nov.	1st	„	5	„ „	50	0 0
„	8th	„	9	„ „	13	6 8
„	15th	„	2	„ „	125	0 0
„	22nd	„	15	„ „	16	13 4
„	29th	„	17	„ „	14	14 1
Dec.	6th	„	10	„ „	25	0 0
„	13th	„	8	„ „	31	5 0
„	20th	„	40 nines	„ „	6	5 0
			(No tens predicted.)			
„	27th	„	1 ten	„	250	0 0
Jan.	3rd	„	10 tens	„	25	0 0

H. T. TERRY,

"Football World," Geneva, Switzerland

THE COMPETITOR'S DICTIONARY OF KINDRED WORDS.

Compiled and alphabetically arranged by W. H. STAGPOOLE, B.A., LL.D.

Will enable you to find at once all the words that bear about a given meaning and suggest ideas for Solutions.

To show range of book, take for instance the word UNION. While there are scarcely a dozen words synonymous with it, one hundred and thirty-four words are given which are so closely allied to it in meaning as to form possible substitutes in a solution.

172 pages, 5 x 8in. Post free for One Shilling and Sixpence.

"A useful book."—John Bull.

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following correct numbers have been received:—

Mr. [illegible] MONTAGUE, 1, Shalcomb St., Chelsea. December 20th. No. 621,613.

Mr. P[illegible]ARKIN, 6, Frederick St., Bloom St., Salford, Manchester. December 20th. No. 783,084.

Mr. J[illegible] POWELL, 50, Rankeiller St., Edinburgh. December 20th. No. 615[illegible]

Mr. J[illegible]LARK, 43, Clyde St., Wallsend-on-Tyne. December 13th. No. 771,697.

Mr. [illegible]S. FARRINGTON, 22, Healey Street, Seaforth, Liverpool. December 20th. No. 544,329.

Mr. W[illegible]H. NUNNS, 150, Botteslow Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. December 20th. No. 434,882.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 10th:—

002775	194139	393067	618675	635020
041950	202555	481622	640623	640045
060288	217236	488867	650326	655736
062007	231286	475649	693671	914718
110384	236196	599416	712255	937427
117787	255389	691289	751695	951126
130104	262198	696668	767088	968707
136878	314284	842276	786575	A001589
143077	344144	862977	899039	A007062
146518	363067	911111	926705	A013542

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The [illegible] Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (p[illegible])

THE

"COMPETITORS' JOURNAL"

"A unique publication."—JOHN BULL.

EVERY WEDNESDAY. ONE PENNY.

Our Readers HAVE WON OVER £25,000

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"COMPETITORS' JOURNAL"

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BINNINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

The Oldest Established Football Accountants in the World.

Send a post card (postage 1d.) for the most liberal price list issued. But no need to wait for coupons, write your commissions on plain paper.

"John Bull" says—Messrs. H. Hamilton & Co., are thoroughly reliable.

Our "Football Annual," containing several new features, will be sent free on mentioning this paper.

Selected Matches for January 17th.

Aston Villa	v. Sunderland	Bradford	v. Leeds C.
Burnley ..	v. Bolton W.	Bristol R.	v. Plymouth A.
Liverpool	v. Everton	Cardiff ..	v. Reading
Middlesbro'	v. Blackburn	Exeter ..	v. Crystal Palace
Newcastle	v. West Bromwich	Merthyr ..	v. West Ham
Preston N.E.	v. Sheffield W.	Dundee ..	v. Celtic

Single teams or any combination may be backed.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1/4.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept. "

Long Acre, London, W.C. Jan. 17th, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

CLEMAK
SAFETY RAZOR
"By Jupiter!"
says Mars, "that fellow's stolen a march on us. Wonder what he's using, he seems to positively enjoy shaving!"
The "Clemak" is a World-triumph—a simplified, perfected Safety Razor, produced and sold at a fair price which brings it within the reach of all. It costs 5/ only, and is made as well and shaves as well as any guinea razor. Simple to understand and to use. Gives close, comfortable shave in marvellously quick time. No trouble to clean, no bars, plates, or screws to remove, and no adjustment required. Clemak Blades can be stropped and will last indefinitely. A finer shaving edge could not be desired. Acquire the "Clemak" habit and shaving becomes a pleasure.
CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-
Note the original Link-Action, which Automatically adjusts the Blade.
Cleaned in a few seconds—stropped in a minute.
Clemak Razor and Seven Blades 5/-
New Model Set with Twelve Blades ... 7/6
Combination Outfit—Stropping Machine, Hide Strop, with Clemak and Twelve Blades 10/6
Of all Cutlers, Stores, &c., or post free from CLEMAK RAZOR CO., 17, Billiter St., LONDON.

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